

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1877

APRIL 25, 1908

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LIFE AND LETTERS

THE Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon has been marred by one of those little ebullitions of temper which seem to recur there every year. It is Miss Marie Corelli who as a rule introduces the note of discord. And when it is Miss Corelli nobody pays any attention. This year, however, it is a more important person—the Vicar of Stratford and Archdeacon-designate of Coventry. Owing to his action, Mr. F. R. Benson was unable to produce, as he had promised, the seldom-acted play of *Cymbeline*. Mr. Benson gracefully changed his programme, and gave way to the opinion of one whose services to Shakespeare's town are admitted to have been great and worthy of his high office. But matters did not end there. Dr. Arbuthnot seemed determined to mark the last few months of his vicariate of Stratford by a quarrel of some kind, and the announcement that Miss Horniman's Manchester Company would play *Measure for Measure* was the signal for another protest on his part. What has been the result? In the words of a native of the town, "All the boys and girls have been buying *Cymbeline* and *Measure for Measure* to hunt out the improper bits;" and the large wisdom of Shakespeare is replaced by a prurient curiosity. When the performance of *Measure for Measure* came, it was a matter of course that any one who went to the theatre with the expectation of being "tickled" went away—not so much disappointed as ashamed, and stirred to the depths by this tremendous picture of a saint walking unsoiled through the mire of the world. The play was wisely and skilfully handled; and, produced in the Elizabethan style by Mr. William Poel and finely acted by Mr. Poel as Angelo, exquisitely by Miss Sarah Allgood (the Irish Theatre actress) as Isabella, and soundly by Mr. James Hearn as the Duke, was as interesting and impressive a display as we have seen.

We must confess to a feeling of some apprehension. Though bye-elections are raging all over England, though the moment is decidedly a critical one—in spite of all there is hardly anything about Dissenting preachers in the daily papers. Now there is something strange about this; and the violent contrast between this silence, or almost silence, and the clamour of a few months ago deserves a paragraph at all events, and we are not sure whether we should not invite the views of our readers on this extraordinary state of things, for, but a short while since, the Dissenting preacher was, one might say, all over the daily press. One read of him doing the most amusing things: dressing up in complete steel to illustrate a well-known text—this is, surely, ritualism by the way—instituting the

order of female vergers to attract the young men to meeting, putting on a popular *siffleuse* to whistle the *intermezzo* from "Cavalleria Rusticana" before the sermon, objecting to the heathen names of the days of the week—performing, in fact, a whole host of feats which eclipse all those recorded of Amadis of Gaul when, changing his name to Beltenebros, he did penance on the Peña Pobre. And now scarce a word of him; one may read one's paper sedulously without encountering "Dr." Clifford's name; even Mr. Campbell is out of the bill, and the New Theology, for all one hears of it, sleeps with the errors of Marcion and the vagarious doctrines of the Basilidians.

Now it is possible, no doubt, to take an optimistic view of these facts; it may be that the Preacher Folk and the newspapers which advertised them have come to the conclusion that they have a little sickened the world of late; it may be that the sage counsellors of the Liberal Party have pointed out that, while many people gladly call themselves Liberals, and vote accordingly, they do so on the understanding that Liberalism is not to be regarded as an appendage of Protestant Dissent, as a machine for registering the decrees of the "Free Church Council." We hope this may be the true explanation of the circumstances; but in the present calm there seems to us something ominous, some touch of the terror that lies upon the waters in eastern seas when the waves glide like oil and the winds fall to a dead calm. The mariner knows when he sees those smooth waters that a typhoon will be upon him, and so we, suspicious of the occultation of "Dr." Clifford, fear that "a great effort on behalf of our common Christianity" is soon to be made. Our "common Christianity," it should be said, includes many of the ethical precepts of the New Testament, Teetotalism, and a feeling of sympathy for the Thieves and Atheists who are now governing France. Such is the meteor flag of modern Dissent, and we are afraid that it will yet terrific burn. In the meantime we commend to those who would like to see the said flag burn, in the passive sense of the word, a little handbook by Mr. J. L. Walton, called "Down with the Church: a Conspiracy Unmasked" (George Allen). One is sorry to be reminded by Mr. Walton that the fabrication and utterance of outrageous lies against the English clergy formed part of the last "Free Church" campaign. We are sorry, we repeat, to think of this; and yet: well, Charles Dickens was about as remote from "Clericalism" as a man could well be, and it is painfully apparent from his novels that he had not formed a very favourable opinion of the Dissenting Preacher. Stiggins is, of course, an exaggeration, but he is not precisely the exaggeration of a saint.

It would be idle, and, indeed, a kind of insult to the memory of the late Prime Minister, for us to pretend, in the presence of his death, that we regard him as a great statesman, either in office or opposition: but we may note with propriety a peculiar quality of his personal character. There are very few statesmen who have loomed so long and so largely in the field of politics, who have attracted so many personal friends from all quarters and have enjoyed the good personal disposition of so many opponents. The excellence of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's disposition is so well recognised, that his political opponents have been able to make the most violent and pointed attacks upon him, on account of his policy, even to the extent of denying his political capacity, without the slightest feeling of personal animus, and without incurring even the charge of being actuated by such a motive. It has seemed incredible that a person so plainly well-intentioned could excite personal feeling against him—and, indeed, none has ever existed. We doubt whether the same could be said so truthfully of any other public man of our period. It is a great personal tribute to Sir Henry, and marks a characteristic marvellous to foreigners, of which Englishmen have reason to be proud—the capacity for diametric political opposition without the least personal animosity. Sir Henry was imbued with the

sincere belief that political and social amelioration lies in the Liberal party, and it must be remembered to his credit that after many years of fruitless opposition that party has actually assumed an appearance of united life under his leadership. It was probably his personal character which could alone have effected such a union, and has hitherto maintained its appearance. His services to his party are undoubted and immense, and since he regarded it as involving the welfare of his country, they must be estimated as generous and self-sacrificing services, for he continued to offer them through domestic sorrow, sickness, and advancing age until within a few days of his death.

A correspondent writes: I usually avoid like 'poison' the reported utterances of Canon Hensley Henson; but my eye was attracted in the *Times* of Easter Monday to his Easter sermon by a couple of lines of poetry—and I am one of those who are unable ever to let poetry go by unread. What did I find? Canon Henson professed to be quoting Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood;" and this was his notion of the wording of two famous lines:

But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From Heaven, which is our home.

I am no theologian, and the theological significance of the mistake may seem to me greater than it is. I read through the report of the sermon to see if my suspicion was just, and found myself unable to decide, since the discourse was merely the usual combination of hypothesis, vagueness, and elaborate prevarication. But, quite apart from the question whether the Origenian heresy is permitted in the pulpits of the Church of England, and whether Canon Henson either knows or cares whether it is or not, what can be said of a mind so unscholarly, so slipshod, so dead to the exact word and meaning of his authorities as to profess to quote, in public and on an occasion of the greatest solemnity, a couple of well-known lines—and to quote them wrong?

The remarks of one correspondent on the teaching of singing provided by the State in elementary public schools which we printed in our last issue have drawn the following from another: "I have lived long, both in London and the country, within earshot of a primary school. The London school has been bodily removed, so it cannot now be identified. The country school still flourishes. The same observations have been forced upon me in both cases. I speak here of the country school. During singing-time a volume of annotated roaring proceeds from the building. Since the boys are none of them older than about fourteen, these sounds seem to be emitted from their stomachs. They have no tone whatever. They are a stentorian whisper, like the singing of a porter who has lost his voice, or the song of a nutmeg bird heard through an exceedingly powerful microphone. I am aware that in some parts of the country singing-voices are generally very harsh, so that it is difficult to obtain choirboys; in this particular district the voices are peculiarly dulcet. The village, which is a large one, has for the last forty years possessed a remarkably good choir in the parish church, drawn almost exclusively from the roakers in the primary school. Nor is good singing confined to the Established Church, for such strains as 'Let the bright Seraphim' cleave the air about several Nonconformist churches on Bank Holiday Sundays and other high festivals. I am also aware that many country schools are so poor that they have to put up with inferior masters. The school in question is well endowed, and has always commanded the services of excellent masters. It is consequently the State which provides the week-day roaring, and merely permits the religious authorities, both established and free, to cultivate 'sweet singing' for Sunday. It is not surprising that a zealous patron of Education, *The Morning*

Post, has to chronicle the prevalence of 'School Board Pharyngitis' and '[roakers] nodules.' I may mention that the boys I allude to show their musical capabilities by roaring, neither out of tune, flat, nor sharp. If your correspondent of last week will offer a prize for the loudest sharp whispering produced by a County Council school I shall be pleased to do the same for the encouragement of flat whispering. As for dialect, I like it, and I would not on any account discourage the London boy from respecting his farver and muvver, nor the country boy from preserving the Latin derivation of Charrulls."

Besides a learned collection of the annals of the Bishops of Glasgow by Bishop Dowden, mainly interesting to Glasgow antiquaries, though by no means unimportant to Scottish historians, the *Scottish Historical Review* for April contains a contemporary letter from one Mr. John Stafford, attorney, of Macclesfield, concerning the occupation of that town by Highlanders in the 'Forty-five. There is also a vivid little note on a Roxburghshire mansion and its contents in 1729. It is interesting from the light it throws on domestic life in a household of moderate competence at that period. In the inventory of the library, which was quite a small one, we find many books of which the titles are familiar to inhabitants and visitors to old houses of a like stamp all over this island, such as Gerarde's "Herbal" (the most valuable of the lot), Bradley on "Husbandry," "The Gardiners' Dictionary," perhaps Miller's four enormous volumes, Rapin's "History of England," Clarendon's "History," Nat. Lee's plays, Prior's poems, Ovid's "Metamorphoses," certainly the excellent Sandys's "The Compleat Horseman," and "L'Histoire de Don Quichote," in six volumes. We are sure they were small, and ornamented with frontispieces. Probably they were Le Sage's translation, or Motteux's, if the date be not too early. We appreciate the immortality of Cervantes now only alas! as we get older. We wonder whether literary boys and girls appreciated it in 1729, or only pretended to.

The *motif* of Balzac's "Comédie humaine," as he states in his too little remembered *Avant-propos*, was to express the poetry of the human heart as expressed not by "les sèches et rebutantes nomenclatures de faits appelées *histoires*," but by the history of manners. It is the manners of the period in their most intimate and consequently most natural form that such old unhistoric houses as this in Roxburghshire enshrine. The study of household ways throws light on the views and objects of those who made history proper. There is still a vast amount of evidence of what the manners were lingering in the shape of household implements and furniture, and in specimens of household arts. It is a pity that these should not be collected and stored in some single museum—one would be quite sufficient—so that the surroundings of our grandfathers, grandmothers, and our great and great-great grandparents perhaps might be reconstructed for us, in one of their general more domestic haunts—say Bath or Weymouth, or Tunbridge Wells. We advocate the preservation not of fine pieces of furniture, they are already sufficiently treasured, but of those objects of *la vie intime* which are destroyed when the old homes are dispersed, or are only treasured by faithful retainers.

The hideous outrage recently committed during the Pope's Easter Mass appears to us insufficiently explained by the excuses of its perpetrators. In the first place, the action of the Austro-Hungarian representative of the Vatican seems to call for stringent examination. If he knew that these persons were Jews, he had no right to obtain for them a privilege coveted by but denied to all but a few out of the vast world of Catholics; if he knew so little about them as not to know that they were Jews, he had no business to be their guarantee with his Holiness. And the perpetrators of the outrage themselves? Can it seriously be believed that Professor Feilbogen and the

women with him, after following with the greedy, inquisitive eyes of the tourist all the details of the entertainment—the *mummers*, as they doubtless called it—were genuinely convinced that the kissing of the Pope's hand was the object of those who went up to the altar-rail?

There were two hundred worshippers present; it is not likely that the three Jews were among the first to approach the altar; still less that they were not watching—and possibly through opera-glasses—the details of what was being done. Even if it were not so, is it to be believed that a Professor—no matter of what—could be possessed of such inconceivable ignorance of all the literature and thought of the last nineteen hundred years as not to know what the Mass is and what Communion? We are not accusing these Jews of deliberate sacrilege: they cannot be acquitted of the charge of something infinitely worse than carelessness. And the conduct of the person who procured them admittance is nothing short of disgraceful.

NAMELESS GRIEF

POOR little childish breast, troubled and heaving,
With some dim sorrow grieving;
It is not well that you should reck of trouble,
For whom the Earth's a bubble
And God your sky.
O the sad ecstasy
Of your insurgent sobbing,
As it were throbbing
Of very misery!
And yet 'tis only
Some brief, unreasonable, lonely
Touch of a nameless sorrow that takes you,
And to such heaving trouble wakes you.

Yet to us too there comes,
Even as there stirs the far alarm of drums
Upon a City's ear,
Sense insuppressible of perpetual sadness,
Of the World's madness,
Of distant alien trouble;
Then verily our Earth's a bubble
And Hell our sky;
Then verily the fool's old filth
In idle spilt;
The hot and hasty zealotry
Of ravening evil;
Then, verily,
The roar of the emancipated Devil
Loosened amid our worship, love, and faith,
And on our sickly streets and happy meadows
Casting smoky shadows
Of utter Death,
Seem all the fruit of some fell harlotry,
And purchase of the Soul's apostasy!
Yea, when there comes
(Even as to a quiet City the far alarm of drums)
Sense of iniquity daily less remote,
There rise within our throat
Such breaking sobs,
Such bitter, insuppressible throbs
Of grief unnamed, sorrow no longer mild,
As in your heaving breast, sad Child,
Wake tears and anguished protestations wild!

JOHN FREEMAN.

REVIEWS

DR. VERRALL'S EUMENIDES

The Eumenides of Aeschylus. With an Introduction, Commentary, and Translation by A. W. VERRALL, Litt.D. (Macmillan, 10s. net.)

THIS very fascinating book completes Dr. Verrall's edition of the "*Oresteia*" of Aeschylus. All scholars are familiar with his brilliant but drastic treatment of the "*Agamemnon*" and the "*Choephoroi*;" indeed, many schoolboys and undergraduates must have read his "*Agamemnon*," which has reached a second edition. Probably the present work will achieve a like success; and we hope it may. For, though we are unable to accept many of his emendations and explanations, we hold that there is no one, whether teacher or learner, who will not find much instruction, suggestion, and stimulation in Dr. Verrall's "*Eumenides*," no one who will not see in it the outcome of finished scholarship and a singularly refined, acute, and poetic spirit, wholly devoted to the sympathetic elucidation and embellishment of an ancient master loved "little short of idolatry," as Shakespeare was by Ben Jonson.

We meet in the book before us all the literary finish and poetic insight which we expect from the brilliant Cambridge scholar, and in his dealing with the text he is not so subversive as ere now he has been. He still thinks none the better of a word for being found in Liddell and Scott, and is disposed to stretch the canons of grammar in obedience to the canons of taste. On this subject we shall have something to say anon, but only to illustrate our general criticism. A more careful critical estimate belongs to magazines which are professedly scholastic.

His introduction is, as might be expected, eminently readable. He finds the exposition of the story and structure of the play comparatively simple, while the underlying conceptions, the inquiry into the sources of the drama, present problems well-nigh insoluble. Aeschylus took an extremely ancient story for the unfolding of thoughts which were new and his own. Dr. Verrall is not satisfied with Müller's account of the political and moral import of the play—the support (by the ascription of a Divine origin) of the Court of the Areopagus, recently threatened by the Democratical Party and Ephialtes, coupled with the establishment of the religion of the Erinyes, which was the religion of Conscience. Nor was it inspired by the treaty with Argos, or a desire to protest against parricide. The deed of Orestes had every excuse, even the sanction of the command of Delphi; yet the instinct of the matricide himself revolts against it, and the persecuting Erinyes confirm the accusing voice of conscience:

Confronted constantly with cases of conduct upon which we can give no sentence with absolute satisfaction, upon what can we repose, or how do we know that there is any right at all? Zeus, it is answered in the opening of the "*Agamemnon*," vv. 170 foll., is the only means by which the burden can be put off; that is to say, in later but not essentially different phrase, it must be by an act of faith in God. In the same spirit, but more joyously and triumphantly, the "*Eumenides*" solves the case of Orestes, or, to speak more properly, declares it to be solved in the sight of Eternal Justice by conducting us to a final scene of reconciliation, in which, under the sanction of Zeus, all the parties to the Divine dispute, the pursuing no less than the protecting deities, are shown to be absolutely content.

The jury instituted by Athena, who presides over the trial, with the Erinyes as prosecutors and Apollo as counsel for Orestes, are equally divided. The casting vote of Athena absolves Orestes. The Erinyes at first repudiate this verdict, but are finally persuaded by Athena to acquiesce, and even to accept a home in her city and the guardianship of the newly-instituted Court of the Areopagus in Athens, on which, in the grand concluding scene, the Erinyes invoke every blessing. Thus the claims of religion and patriotism are satisfied:

What is important, and solely important, from a religious and speculative point of view is the acquiescence of the opposing gods—the conversion of the Erinyes.

Dr. Verrall rejects the view that the play turns on theories

of kinship, or an estimate of the relative claims of father and mother. It turns on an antithesis of principles. The issue is: Is justice absolute or not? Are there acts which nothing can excuse? The Erinyes hold that there are such acts, and this the defence denies. From this point of view it is very important to define exactly the functions of the Avenging Goddesses. An error in the text of *v.* 424—which, however, Dr. Verrall regards as sound—has very unduly widened their jurisdiction by making it their function to drive out from house and home into exile and wandering all homicides. The Greek word is *βροτοκτονούντας*. We have always looked on the emendation of this word by the late Professor Davies as not only brilliant but certain. He read *αὐτοκτονούντας*, which the copyist of the Medicean *codex*, who was more than usually unintelligent and ignorant, would have taken to mean "suicides," which is plainly absurd. Accordingly, he would have corrected the word to the reading found in the MS. But *αὐτοκτόνος* means not only "suicide" but "slayer of one's kin," and this exactly describes the function of the Erinyes. Compare *v.* 212, where the Erinyes disclaim jurisdiction even over a wife who slays her husband because he is not a kinsman—not of her own blood. See also *v.* 607, where Orestes asks them why they did not persecute Clytemnestra for her murder of Agamemnon, and their answer is:

She was not of one blood with the man she slew.

In four places only has Dr. Verrall changed the letters of the MS. upon his own conjecture: *vv.* 224, 390, 448, 913. Before briefly considering these and kindred questions it will be necessary to give some account of the *codex Mediceus*. It is written in small, round letters, *litterae minusculae* without capitals. The text from which it was transcribed may have been written either in *litterae uncialae*, small and capital mixed, or in *litterae quadratae*, all square and angular, which we call capitals, with no spaces between the words. The copier of M had been told not to write the words continuously, but to separate them. He seems to have interpreted this direction as meaning that he should leave some intervals. So he broke up the text into such combinations of letters as should present an agreeable variety, without any consideration of words or meaning. Modern editors are sometimes charged with exaggerating the stupidity of copyists, especially when the MS. reading is utterly at variance with their own conjectures. But the view can boast a fair antiquity. A marginal note by a scholiast on Anth. Pal. 5, 262, says:

There is nothing omitted; only the scribe was a fool.

This may be said with great truth of the copyist of M. To return to Dr. Verrall's emendations:

V. 224. The reading M is:

δίκας δ' ἐπάλλας τῶν δ' ἐποτρύνει θεὰ

This was corrected in the sixteenth century to δὲ Παλλάς, which has been read ever since. Dr. Verrall reads δ' ἐπάλλας "the other way about." This is ingenious, but it is not easy to understand his objection to the mention of Pallas.

390. Here he is extraordinarily ingenious. In the line:

ἀνῆλθ' ἰλμῶν δυσοδοπαίπαλα,

the letter *μ* spoils the meaning in *ἰλμῶν*, "mirk," and a consonant after *δυσ-* is required by the metre. Dr. Verrall's theory is that *μ* was omitted by mistake, was preserved in the margin, and was ultimately inserted in the wrong word. But is *δυσοδοπαίπαλα*—"a twilight, rugged way"—a possible composition of *δυσμή*, *ὁδός*, and *παιπάλη*? He compares *θεοσσυθρωπός* (*Cho.* 734). But this is a far more natural compound. Besides, it is a conjecture.

448. Dr. Verrall's view is very probably right. But one does not care for restorations which depend on an assumed stage direction.

913. Here, too, we have a curious compound in *ἀπένθετον*, "grafted from," and a strange expression in:

δικαίων τῶνδ' ἀπένθετον γένος,

the sort which from these, the righteous, hath taken graft.

Much happier, in our judgment, is his treatment of *v.* 595:

Μέγ' ἐφουλάτῃ χεὶρὶ πρὸς, δέρην τεμῶν,
with my bare sword, I answer; and further, by cutting her throat.

In a celebrated line, 286, he reverts to the MS. reading—*καθαίρει*, "does away with," rejecting Stanley's *καθαίρει*, "purifies." It is in this direction that Dr. Verrall is most daring, in the defence of long since corrected errors of the copyist. Thus he reads *πλήστους*, "full," for *Πλειστοῦ* in *v.* 27, *δία*, "drops" (neut. plur. of *δίον*, "a drop"), rejecting the universally-accepted emendation *λίβα*, and in other passages gives a place to words and meanings which have not found favour with editors or lexicographers.

Of the admirable dignity and beauty of the translation it would be impossible to speak too highly. It is a prose poem throughout. We might take a specimen at random; that which we have lit on is from the sublime "binding hymn" of the Erinyes, 322 ff. Our readers can judge whether it is not sublime in the English as well as in the Greek:

Mother, who barest me, O Mother Night, to punish them that see and that see not, hear! For the whelp of Leto would disprive me, by taking from me yon cowering creature, my victim, made mine own by his mother's blood.

But over the sacrifice this is the song we sing; wild it maketh, wood [i.e., mad] it maketh, this hymn of the Erinyes, sense-destroying, life-withering music, harsh and untunable.

This power the spindle of fate did thoroughly assure to us, that, if any mortal be companioned by wanton [rather unnatural] crime, with such we should walk until he pass beneath the ground—and death itself is for him no mighty deliverance.

But over the sacrifice, &c.

From our beginning was this office confirmed to us. The Deathless Ones may not lay finger thereon, nor is any of them co-parcener to divide with us. In the white robes was I given no part or share or portion, because of their dwelling-places I would have naught.

Whosoever the subversive spirit of domestic hate destroys a life that should be dear, then after the destroyer, hey! we follow, and, whatsoever his strength, by the fresh blood on him we wear him down.

It is zeal that brings us here, zeal to relieve another of these cares; and the Gods' part it is, to confirm the immunity we pray, refusing to question it. For Zeus hath rejected from his converse, with merited loathing, this blood-bedabbled sort.

Whosoever the subversive, &c.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

DOLEFUL SHADES

West Ham: the Report of the Outer London Inquiry Committee. By EDWARD G. HOWARTH and MONA WILSON. (Dent, 6s. net.)

In some old book we remember reading, If Jack Sheppard had not immortalised Seven Dials, Seven Dials would have immortalised itself. We may say the same of West Ham. If its guardians had not immortalised it for corruption and bribery, the sale of offices, and all the shady practices of democracy once supposed the monopoly of the unreformed Parliament or municipal borough, it would have immortalised itself as the doleful shades of poverty and the region of insalubrious trades. West Ham presents the appearance of the rubbish-heap of the civilisation of commercialism. It is the happy hunting-ground of social inquirers who make elaborate statements of the problems of poverty, apparently undisheartened by the fact that for all their inquiries there is no solution of them. The inquirers, like the residents, must feel that all abandon hope who enter the Malebolge of West Ham. You find there all the highest rates of mortality and all the lowest rates of wages, of decency, and of comfort. Casual employment is the rule of industry, and there swarms an overcrowded population penned up in an area where the open spaces are rarer than in any other district of the Metropolis. The rates are high because the rating of the houses is low, and landlords must build such property or they will have no tenants. Instead of additional houses bringing in to the borough additional means, it would be a saving to buy the waste places to prevent them being built on, as the education-rate would mean a loss of fifty shillings for every house on which it would be assessed. The West Hamites are prolific, and most of the children are to be educated at the public expense. And

besides, casual wanderers, with their casual families, are always trooping into West Ham, where they settle, attracted by the casual labour by which the greater part of its industries are maintained. The people seem to be those who are not wanted elsewhere, just as the industries planted there are what the common law would call nuisances if they were projected in any other neighbourhood. It seems to be the rule, too, that once you seek work in West Ham you get steadily poorer with the irregular employment, and you drift from one to another of its delectable trades for the rest of your life, except when you become installed on its list of regular paupers.

There they are, near two hundred and seventy thousand of them, who a century ago were not seven thousand. And these are the days, too, when, for the unskilled labour such as floods West Ham, the conditions are every day becoming harder. Shipbuilding and its allied trades have left for the North; the unskilled are always being supplanted by machinery; and even the skilled are scarcely less exposed to the same risk. The struggle with poverty has been the historic note of West Ham since 1819, when the population had reached about ten thousand, and, as a Committee to Inquire into the Administration of the Poor Law said, "the nearer approach to the parish of commercial institutions in which labouring men are employed (such as are the new docks and the variety of occupations contingent upon the wants of shipping) is a great cause of the influx of the poorer classes to reside in the parish of West Ham." After all, one sees that this Report, in which one can learn all there is to be known of West Ham, is, in all its ramifications, essentially a treatment of one problem only—the problem of poverty. It is a temptation to think that the key to it is the redundancy of the classes who look to unskilled labour for their support. They ought, theoretically, to have always an eye on the relation between their numbers and their chances of employment. As no other class has ever learned this art, it would be unfair to expect the denizens of West Ham to have the skill. And besides, as West Ham is a standing lake for the drainage of other over-populated districts to flow into, what profit would they have of their providence if it were not imitated elsewhere? So that West Ham is a satirical comment on an axiom of political economy which no less a person than our new Premier quoted with complacency the other day. The labour displaced by such a measure as the Licensing Bill would become absorbed in other employments, Mr. Asquith said. What happens is that it is not absorbed thus, but accumulates into morasses such as that of West Ham. The particular morass there is explored and mapped out with all its slimy horrors in this book; but how is it and similar ones to be drained?

THE HEREDITARY WAY

Memoirs of a Surrey Labourer. By GEORGE BOURNE.
(Duckworth, 6s.)

This is a delightfully simple and unpretentious book. There have been not a few "studies" made during recent years of the rustic mind and environment, which we have come to regard a little doubtfully. It is, we think, a most difficult thing to do what the author of this volume has done, in setting down, without fancifulness or preciousness of epithet, the ways and sayings of an ancient Surrey labourer, Frederick Bettesworth. We missed reading an earlier book concerning this worthy, but we are heartily glad that we have not missed the present volume.

There is here, besides the mere literal record of Bettesworth's *dicta*, some admirable characterisation, of which the following may well serve for specimen:

Some readers, no doubt, will be offended by his taste for beer. I hope there will be some to give him credit for the months and years in which, with these few exceptions, he controlled the appetite. Remember, he had no religious convictions, nor did the peasant traditions by which he lived afford him much guidance. Alone, of his inborn instinct for being a decent man, he strove through all his life, not to be rich, but to live upright and unashamed. Fumbling, tiresome,

garrulous, unprofitable, lean and grim and dirty in outward appearance, the grey old life was full of fight for its idea of being a man; full of fight and patience and stubborn resolve not to give in to anything which it had learnt to regard as weakness. I remember looking down, after I had upbraided a failure, at the old limbs bending over the soil in such humility, and I could hardly bear the thought that very likely they were tired and aching. This enfeebled body—dead now and mouldering in the churchyard—was alive in those days and felt pain. Do but think of that, and then think of the patient, resolute spirit in it, which almost never indulged its weaknesses, but had its self-respect, its half-savage instincts towards righteousness, its smothered tastes, its untold affections, and its tenderness. That was the old man, gaunt-limbed, but good-tempered, partially blind and fumbling, but experienced, whom we have to imagine now indomitably facing yet another year of his life, and a prospect in which there is little for him to hope for. Nay, there was much for him to dread, had he known.

Bettesworth would be termed, expressively, an "odd-job man." The frequent recollections of his varied past, in the Crimea, and subsequently "odd-jobbing" in two or three counties, are so many lights upon a character which is, we hope, still in some degree representative, though the publisher avers that it is becoming rare. Such men, living by the soil, are to be regarded as the bones of the nation. They have not the suppleness of stunted cockneydom, the restlessness, assertiveness, excitability, impudence, which seem to be the inevitable and early flower of, say, London street-life. Peasants still are to be found who respect the Church and acknowledge contentedly their "betters;" in the villages you still may find men satisfied to live in the manner of earlier generations, as beneath an ancient embodied benediction. And though there may exist an occasional suspiciousness (Bettesworth exemplifies it) on the part of the earth's labourers, of those of another class, there is, on the other hand, a far keener suspicion—nay, resentment—of ill-considered novelties, which is to us immensely refreshing; as when, as we have lately heard, there came to a certain humble hamlet in the West a band of the elect who would teach the lost how to live. The lost, abandoned to the meagre mercy to which they and their forefathers alike had been born, living in a village of which hardly a wall was built later than the fourteenth century, looked on (we can well imagine them) with a certain mute amazement not very remote from contempt at the efforts of the elect, who maintained themselves in enlightened independence of Church and social intercourse. Well, the elect finally squabbled and disbanded, and the villagers, not much the worse for the irruption of "modernity," chuckled profanely as men will who:

Rubbed through yesterday
In their hereditary way;
And will rub through, if they can,
To-morrow on the self-same plan—

provided, of course, no new social salvation is proffered to their churlish wits, lost in mediæval simpleness and obscurity.

It is Bettesworth who has led us into this digression, for we think he would have found voice for the resentment of which we have spoken. His talk, as recorded by Mr. George Bourne, has no strange brilliancies; he is not a rustic Rousseau, or Nietzsche, or Ruskin. Simple, sound sense he commonly utters, slipping not unpleasantly into the garrulity of age, and apparently consoling himself therewith. But the passage we have quoted will indicate something more than the peasant's good sense; it will indicate the reality of the universal sadness, the general and enduring sorrow. Bettesworth clung to life, to independence, and with honourable affection to that part of him—unspeakably dirty, stricken, irresponsible—which bore his wife's name. His own decline and fall, his endurance and suspiciousness, his gratitude and resentful rudeness, are told here in detail, but without superciliousness or maudlin pity. It is simply the end of a courageous life lived independently, and laid down without the sad degradation of prolonged uselessness. Of such men we hope the stock will not wholly fail, to keep the body hard and whole and strong; and we hope they will not lack a chronicler so capable and sensible as the author of these "Memoirs."

REVOLTING ETHICS

The Ethics of Revolt. By GREVILLE MACDONALD, D.D., Hon. Fellow of King's College, London. (Duckworth, 5s. net.)

A GENTLEMAN who writes with a slow, tentative, self-listening style, such as a cow uses when she walks timidly over a hollow plank floor, should be very certain that he has some worthy message to deliver before he exposes himself to the cold malignity of print. Dr. Greville Macdonald writes with a style that must bring out all the worst passions of his pupils (if he has any), and incline them so far to revolt, that they are not unlikely to pelt him at his desk and justify it afterwards. Here are one or two specimens of his manner:

The evolution of species may seem no more than a process of victorious self-seeking and cruelty, a justification of bloodshed and craft; yet man has been evolved with something of purpose, something of humanity in his life, either because of, or in spite of, this very process of his creation. Human history is perhaps a no less terrible record of the tyranny of the strong over the many whom it forces into an increasing inefficiency, yet do we present a saner vindication of the law that can be understood from burrowing in the dregs of our failures.

So he clodhops confusedly on through 299 dreary pages. Sometimes a wave of excitement quickens the pace, as when the author comes in view of those whom he delights to honour, those whose very existence is to be justified by this laboured work, "the army of revolutionaries, cranks, and uncomfortableables." At the sight of this very disordered army the style becomes almost delirious:

The inclusive name of this great section of society is Nonconformity—a word that in itself stinks in the nostrils of Respectability—that hound who goes about sniffing for what he imagines offensive, because too sweet for his narrow understanding! Yet why so offensive? The hound, if he thinks for a moment—an absurd supposition, perhaps—must see how each advantage that has ever accrued to him in the increasing comfort of kennel or the dutifulness of his masters is no other than the result of nonconformity

(this time without a capital). It seems fairly obvious that a man who cannot straighten his style and disentangle his similes better than this, for it is a second or third attempt at authorship, needs to be justified by some overmastering message: and if this were to be seen and felt any criticism of style becomes mere impertinence. Consequently we turn with eagerness to the real message of the book. Alas! it is just as unprofitable as the style. It is a glorification, which the author thinks to be the same as the justification, of the contentious, rebellious, self-assertive, vulgar individualist spirit. If the style incites the pupil to pelt the lecturer, the matter excuses him for doing so. In as far as the author proves his point, he excuses his audience for replying with a shower of figs, and there is nothing in the civil and ecclesiastical rebellions which the author lauds, which might not be re-enacted in little in his own class-room. But is it true that:

All great things have been won and given by those who would not conform?

The word not-conform may be beaten into thin foil, but it will not cover all the invention, discovery, victory, and benevolence of all our benefactors. It is juggling with words to call Wellington, Tennyson, Dr. Johnson, Jeremy Taylor, Hegel, Mr. Holman Hunt, Shakespeare, James Watt, or Mr. Kipling by such a far-fetched name as that of Nonconformist. Although every man who transcends his generation has an element of opposition about him, yet to dwell upon the negative side of his work and to dub him with terms that are meant thus to describe it, is to miss the secret and essence of all that makes him great. The love, zeal, and sympathy are greater things than this, and they are all cogently conformist things; and it is by these and not by his denial and contention that he is useful and noble. A foolish individualism, which puts the wisest and most uninstructed minds upon a dead level in the quest for truth, an absolutism which "transcends the possibility of knowledge" and affords untrained students a "reason" for laying down the law upon ethical problems, these seem a very paltry

stock-in-trade wherewith to review and restate problems which, to put it gently, are not exactly fresh to the reading public; while even the public which does not read, but which canes, hangs, and demolishes, has long ago made up its mind upon "the old claim that the interest of the individual must ever be subordinate to the welfare of the species." This old claim is ratified and confirmed by every act of governance—by taxation, education, the Navy, Baptism, vaccination, King's College London, notices to keep to the right on footpaths, and to notify smallpox. If to endorse this claim is to "prove harmful," Dr. Macdonald must either destroy all the society which protects and shelters him, or else he must emigrate to Kerguelen Island, now vacated by the last whaler, and there develop his individuality and revolting ethic, to the top of his bent, feeding upon the rhizomes of the *utricularia montana* and making soup of the lawless amoeba whom he loves. *Bon voyage!*

CATHERINE OF BRAGANCA

Catherine of Bragança, Infanta of Portugal and Queen-Consort of England. By ILLIAS CAMPBELL DAVIDSON. With Portraits and Illustrations. (Murray, 15s.)

CATHERINE'S contemporaries detested her for her creed and piety, for her uselessness as a political tool, for her bitter misfortune of childlessness, and they have left her portrait to posterity painted in malignant colours.

So says truly the Preface to the first life of our Portuguese Queen; but a careful study and comparison of the authorities has enabled Miss Davidson to show her as she really was—just, merciful, humble, with the virtues of womanliness, truth, and chastity—in fine, with noble qualities which neither the age nor the Court of Charles II. could appreciate or even understand. Insulted and neglected by the husband to whom she had given her whole heart, she not only remained loyal, but continued to love him; and, though her character had been assailed and her head had narrowly escaped the block at the time of the Popish plot, she yet preserved a kindly feeling for this country to the end. Indeed, this book confirms the truth of her dying declaration that:

When she was in England she had been falsely accused of an endeavour to bring in Popery, but that she never desired any more favour for those of her own religion than was permitted by her marriage articles; that she had never been a promoter of the French influence in England; on the contrary, she was grieved to think that the French fashion in her brother's Court would do England ill offices in Portugal.

For years her life was almost a martyrdom, for she found herself outraged day by day in her affection as a wife and her dignity as a woman. Charles, not content with flaunting his mistresses and bastards before her, honoured them with titles of nobility, and loaded them with presents of jewels and money, when she was hardly able to make both ends meet, because, in some years, she received only a tithe of her allowance, and the courtier, finding her offices useless as a road to preferment, crowded round her rivals, the Duchesses of Cleveland and Portsmouth, and left Catherine alone—a Queen without a Court. They cared not that, while the King's mistresses took French pay and by their influence on Charles bound England a slave to France, Catherine had brought their country, besides valuable trading privileges, the possession of Tangier, a key of the Mediterranean, and Bombay, the importance of which was even then so well recognised that the Portuguese were as loth to part with it as the English were glad to obtain it. The example of her life, too long obscured by envy and lying report, and the foundation of our Indian Empire, laid by her, should entitle Catherine to the respect and gratitude of Englishmen to-day; and if it be said that she clung to the Anglo-Portuguese alliance principally because she and her family considered it a pledge of their country's independence, to which she had sacrificed her person and her happiness, generosity compels us to remember that we have been the chief gainers by it.

Miss Davidson seems unaware of this; but had she referred to Portuguese historians she would see how one-sided the alliance has often been in its results, and would find that if the Treaty of 1661 contributed to the fall of the Portuguese Empire in the East, the Methuen Treaty killed Portuguese manufactures and prolonged that English supremacy which had begun with the Treaty of 1654. It has often been contended, though we think unjustly, that the Braganzas have in the past sacrificed the interests of Portugal to save themselves, but there can be no doubt whatever that while the alliance worked fairly during the Middle Ages, when Portugal and England were of about equal strength, yet from the sixteenth century downwards the balance inclined so far against the smaller nation that both in politics and trade it was almost reduced to the position of an English dependency.

Though taking and desiring to take no part in the public affairs of her adopted country, Catherine was not without influence on social life. If she did not actually introduce Italian opera into England, which seems likely enough in the daughter of the musical John IV., the first of these was certainly performed in her presence, and the habit of tea-drinking, which the Portuguese had brought from the East, first became popular owing to her love of it. Clarendon, a better man than most, considered Catherine obstinate, because only a few months after her marriage she refused Charles's request that she would receive the notorious Mrs. Palmer among her ladies; but we should rather be inclined to blame her for ultimately yielding did we not know that she had to choose between accepting that humiliation and losing even the friendship of the man she adored. At most she was tactless in the way she handled her husband; but what else could be expected from a woman, at once pure-minded and inexperienced, who had not been out of her palace ten times before she left Portugal to wed a royal profligate and live among men and women even more unscrupulous than he? Some called her a fright, an unpardonable sin in those days, but her portraits in this book give that statement the lie. She had somewhat prominent teeth, but this defect was compensated for by her eyes, which Charles found "excellent fine," by her luxuriant hair, and by hands and feet which even the most malicious of her rivals had to admit were shapely and small. Altogether, Catherine stands out a sympathetic figure from the background of Court life, which is described with skill and knowledge, and our only regret in closing this tasteful volume is that it should contain so many misspellings of Portuguese words.

THE ENGLISH SPY

"LOOKING BACKWARDS" might have been an apt sub-title for the very interesting series of reprints which Messrs. Methuen are issuing of the "Plain and Coloured Books" of the last century. Our ancestors of two or three generations ago were intensely interested in themselves, and at no period in the history of the British race did their self-admiration reach a higher pitch. They had some excuse for this. The great struggle with France had come to an end, Napoleon was safely stowed away in St. Helena, Great Britain had won at Trafalgar and Waterloo the naval and military supremacy of the Old World; she was mistress of all she surveyed in both politics and commerce. Patriotism had reached a height which it had rarely known before, and has, perhaps, never known since. National vanity had taken on a pose of coxcombry. Britons were excessively touchy, and, while they resented with a virulence which is incredible in these days the mildest foreign criticism, they rejoiced coarsely and noisily in the contemplation of what they considered to be their most virile and characteristic qualities; and they liked the picture to be highly coloured. They were quite willing to poke fun at themselves in their own way, but the caricature had to be kept within certain well-prescribed limits.

The badly-mounted fox-hunter, the incapable "Sonntags-Jaeger" (such as Winkle) were legitimate butts of ridicule, but not the fox-hunter *per se*. The ruddiness, the corpulence, the vulgarity, the bestiality of John Bull could be exaggerated at will without giving offence, but it would not do to hint that he was not the greatest creature on earth. His eccentricity was wilful, his grotesqueness of his own making—a kind of defiance of the world, a set-off against French grimaces and kickshaws, a waving of the bluff national flag, itself like an immense slice of underdone roast-beef, with its streaks of blue and red and white—prime beef, however. Most of Rowlandson's and Robert Cruickshank's colouring is suggestive of the shambles. John Bull was quite proud of the coarse gesture with which he expressed his contempt of the non-British universe. To an equal degree was his fury roused if any witty or merely observant foreigner presumed to hint that beneath the skin of the little top-booted, flat-hatted, purple-jowled, pot-bellied, boxing blackleg, in the guise of whom John Bull best liked to be depicted, was an ill-bred bore, lick-spittle, and booby, whose pretence to set the tone to European manners was an insult upon the human race.

There were, of course, notable exceptions to the rule. John Bull, like the Golden Calf of an earlier dispensation, did not enjoy undivided worship in the place where he had been set up. There were dissidents. The most John Bullish period of the last century, which was its first quarter, gave birth to, or witnessed, the most fruitful labours of delicate and essentially English intelligences such as those of Shelley, Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, Tennyson, and Coleridge—to mention four picked at haphazard; and the seeds of a new era had already been sown. But for the time being John Bull's star was in the ascendant. He was rampant and roaring; he swaggered and reeled along the high roads of civilisation, rudely pushing aside all whom he met; there was no watchful policeman, in the form of an independent Press, to tell him that he was obstructing the pathway. The police had not been invented in any form, and the night "Charleys" were but the habitual butts and laughing-stocks and *souffres-douleur* of your true rollicking rake of a John Bull. Woe to the unhappy wight who dared to raise his voice and say that John Bull was a blackguard, or even that he was an ass. Instantly he was roared down, and threatened with all sorts of personal ill-usage. It is difficult to believe, in the cold light of the twentieth century, that such a courteous and even sympathetic description of British manners as that which was published in the year of Waterloo by the learned French translator of Sir Walter Scott, under the title of "Quinze Jours à Londres," should have caused the violent outcry that it did. The author gave full credit to the Londoners for many excellent qualities. He admired the parks and the pavements of London. The Insurance Companies, which were a novelty at that time, struck him as a fertile production of the practical British brain, worthy of imitation in his own country. But he could not stomach the coffee brewed in London, and he disliked the vegetables cooked in water, and though he found the women beautiful, he thought that as the men did not pay enough court to them, so they were lacking in spontaneous charm and witty conversation. If the author of "Quinze Jours à Londres," subsequently developed into "Six Mois à Londres," had allowed his identity to be revealed, there is little doubt that he would have been slaughtered. The outcry was for his blood. A really tragic fate had befallen his predecessor, Sorbières, whose adventure forms the subject of an interesting account by M. Jusserand in "English Essays from a French Pen." Sorbières had much to say in praise of the London of Charles II., which he visited in 1663. He admired its public buildings, with some exceptions, but thought less of English cooking; while of the Chancellor, Lord Clarendon, he had the audacity to state that:

My Lord Hidde . . . is ignorant of the *belles lettres*.

It was this personal appreciation of the Duke of York's

father-in-law which roused the most violent animosity. Louis XIV., who at that time was anxious to maintain an *entente cordiale* with England, banished Sorbières, and ordered his book to be suppressed, while Sprat, who replied to it in "Observations on Monsieur de Sorbières' Voyage into England"—which contains this monumental phrase: "But the worst is still behind: my Lord Chancellor is utterly ignorant of the belles lettres!"—was made Dean of Westminster and Bishop of Rochester. It required the personal intervention of the good-natured Charles II. to secure the forgiveness of Sorbières by the French Government.

Hardly less anger was called forth by the publication, at approximately the same time as "The English Spy," of Prince von Pückler-Muskau's travels in England, one of the most charming and brilliantly written books in the German language. The Prince, who must have been a delightful fellow, and very different, indeed, from the modern German Junker, was keenly appreciative of the things he saw and of the people he met—the original Rothschild among others—and his criticism seems to have been perfectly just. In fact, it is "The English Spy," with its illustrations by Robert Cruikshank, which more than confirms the mild strictures and gentle ridicule of the German Prince and of the author of "Quinze Jours à Londres":

A "gentleman" is neither a man of noble birth (writes Prince von Pückler-Muskau) nor a man of noble sentiments (*weder ein Edelmann noch ein edler Mann*), but in strictness, a man of independent means, and perfect knowledge of the usages of society. . . . A really poor man who is not in a position to contract debts can on no terms be a "gentleman." On the contrary, a rich scamp, who has had what is called a good education, so long as he preserves his "character" (reputation) dexterously, passes for "a perfect gentleman." In the exclusive society of London there are yet finer "nuances." A man, for instance, who were to manifest any timidity or courtesy towards women, instead of treating them in a familiar, confident, and non-chalant manner, would awaken the suspicion that he was "no gentleman." But should the luckless man ask twice for soup at dinner, or appear in evening dress at a breakfast which begins at three in the afternoon and ends at midnight, he may be a prince and a millionaire, but he is "no gentleman."

It was this type of "gentleman" that Bernard Blackmantle has described to us with infinite gusto, and that the Cruikshanks loved to draw. Both Bernard Blackmantle and Robert Cruikshank have the defects of their qualities; they fitted one another to a nicety, and the former is a literary, while the latter is an artistic, scarecrow.

"Thank God that we are not as those publicans are," though it has called forth during many centuries undeserved opprobrium on the Pharisee who uttered it, was in reality one of the most admirable cries that ever issued from the heart of man, and is at the basis of all true spirit of progress. Thank God, we may say with the Pharisee of old, that England is no longer, even in the most limited degree, what Bernard Blackmantle and Robert Cruikshank have described it as being, and as no doubt it was—for, if they had not been so blinded by rage, the English critics of "Quinze Jours à Londres" and of Prince von Pückler-Muskau's travels would have recognised that the portrait which John Bull painted of himself was infinitely more hideous than anything which his bitterest enemies could have conceived. The real progress made since "The English Spy" was published as a truthful relation of the English manners of the time is apparent on every page of what is really a most entertaining and instructive book. Nothing, perhaps, is more characteristic than the account which the author gives of Eton, which is evidently derived from personal experience. The Hon. Lillyman Lionise spends

his evenings (after *absence* is called) at home, in solitary dissipation over his box of *liqueurs*, or in making others uncomfortable by his rudeness and overbearing dictation.

What a contrast to Horatio Heartley!

At the lower end of the room, observe a serene-looking head, displaying all the quiet character of a youthful portrait by the divine Raphael joined to the inspiring sensibility which flashes from the almost breathing countenance and penetrating brilliancy of eye that distinguishes a guide. This is my bosom friend, my more than brother, my mentor and my Guido. Horatio is an orphan, the son of a general

officer, whose crimson stream of life was dried up by an Eastern sun while he was yet a lipping orphan.

Bernard Blackmantle's portrait of himself as an Etonian is too long to quote, but it is a gem of the purest water. In spite of these "insanities," B. B. was not without talent—witness his tale of the old Portsmouth tars, which has a tender, Lamb-like flavour. One closes "The English Spy," however, with the conviction that the English of those days—and it is not so long a cry, after all, from 1825—must have been a dreadful nuisance to themselves and to most other people who came in contact with them, and we may thank our stars that that old England is dead for ever, together with the art of the Cruikshanks which illustrated it, and that the ideal English gentleman of to-day is something different from the noisy, sentimental blackguard whom less than a century ago John Bull delighted to honour and the Cruikshanks to depict in flaming colour.

ROWLAND STRONG.

THE ARUNDEL CLUB

It is a great pity that the Arundel Club does not manage to publish its interesting set of photogravures at any time other than Christmas, when the general rush of books causes this important annual portfolio to be overlooked. It was only recently that we were able to inspect with any pleasure the fourth year's issue of 1907.

For those who are not members it is as well to explain that the Arundel Club has no connection, except in name, with the now defunct Arundel Society whose excellent chromo lithographs did so much to popularise Italian and Flemish primitive art in England. The Arundel Club was founded in 1904, by Sir Martin Conway, for the reproduction of unpublished pictures in private collections, inaccessible to students or the general public. It is needless to emphasise what a particularly interesting field of research the efforts of the Club should be destined to cover, and as the membership increases the number of reproductions obtainable for one guinea (there are now twenty) will increase in proportion to the financial resources of the Club. The Committee is an unusually strong one, and includes, besides the classic names of Professor Sidney Colvin, Mr. Claude Phillips, and Mr. Lionel Cust, those of Mr. Charles Ricketts, Mr. G. F. Warner, and Sir Walter Armstrong. Learning, taste, and *expertise* are thus well represented; Mr. Sargent's name strikes the requisite note of modernity; Lord Balcarras represents the late Government; while the presence of Sir Martin Conway would seem to indicate that landscape will not be neglected in a Committee adorned by so distinguished a mountain-climber. The Committee is further to be felicitated on the absence of trustees of our National collections. For some extraordinary reason the present trustees are the last people whom any one in their senses would consult collectively on a subject connected with art or literature. Their functions seem to consist in hampering the work of the under-paid officials and keepers, whom they regard as mere pawns useful for checkmating each other; or beasts of burden convenient for bearing the public odium which attaches to their errors of commission and omission.

The most sensational items of the Arundel Portfolio of 1907 are two early pictures by Velasquez which, though described by Mrs. Jameson, are mentioned in Bereute's great book as being lost. They were unearthed, however, by Mr. Herbert Cook, that Nimrod of Old Masters who obtained exclusive leave for their reproduction by the Arundel Club. One of them represents the "Immaculate Conception." It may be noted that Velasquez in no way idealises his subject, even when he is handling an entirely spiritual motive, which might have given scope to the imagination. Presumably it satisfied, however, the inquisitorial inspection of his future father-in-law, Pacheco, and there is none of the nauseating sentimentalism characterising Murillo's presentations of the same theme. The Blessed Virgin is a simple little Spanish peasant to whom no

intolerable honour has come beyond that of becoming a model in the master's studio at Seville. She appears standing on the traditional moon, which, however, is transparent, not opaque, and beneath her feet is a landscape of a perfect naturalistic kind, into which are adroitly introduced the pious periphrases from the Litany of Loretto—such as the Vas Spirituale in the shape of a little fountain and the Domus Aurea in the form of a debased classical temple; and Mrs. Jameson speaks of other accessories which do not appear in the reproduction. It is very much to be hoped that this astonishing picture, which illustrates the greatness as well as the limitations of Velasquez, may be seen at some forthcoming exhibition of Old Masters; and let us also hope that it does not fall into the maw of Mr. Pierpont Morgan. It might serve for a frontispiece to a disquisition on misunderstandings about the Immaculate Conception. The vast majority of Protestants still believe that the Catholic doctrine of Mary's exemption from sin implies belief in a sort of Incarnation with which they invariably confuse it; but, as so few of them really believe in the Incarnation even, this is not very surprising. To readers of THE ACADEMY we need hardly point out that the Catholic Church does not claim for Mary a miraculous generation, but immunity from the stain of original sin. Oddly enough, it was in England that the Feast was first celebrated in Western Europe, and its introduction was ascribed to St. Anselm. Though long a pious belief in the Greek and Latin Churches, and discussed with some keenness at Trent, it was not promulgated as a dogma until December 8th, 1854—two hundred years after Velasquez—although Paul V. instituted the office in 1615.

The other picture discovered by Mr. Cook is much more commonplace, and represents St. John in Patmos. Here are traces of that affectation which mars all the pietistic art of Spain, but from which Velasquez is nobly free in his superb "Crucifixion" and in the "Immaculate Conception" we have just been discussing. The "St. John" has, however, a very valuable lesson for incompetent young painters who forget that even Mr. Sargent once painted "tight" and learned to finish his pictures long before he employed that wonderful shorthand which is the admiration of connoisseurs and the snare of the student.

To Mr. Herbert Cook himself belongs the exquisite little Portuguese work (No. 19) of the late fifteenth century representing the mystic marriage of St. Catharine. This ought to throw some light on the obscure subject of Portuguese art, of which, beyond its indebtedness to the Flemings, we have no exact knowledge, though the next few years may elucidate how much of it was due to native genius and how much to inspiration imported from outside. It is not unlikely that (like the hybrid Indo-Persian miniatures executed at Delhi in the reign of Akbar) some of the Portuguese pictures are entirely native, though inspired by foreign masters, and that others are by Flemish, Italian, or French craftsmen working under local influences. That a native talent existed somewhere it would be rash to deny; Velasquez, it must be remembered, was of Portuguese origin.

A superb photogravure of Lord Huntingfield's delightful "Van Haecht" (No. 20) is particularly welcome, because the half-tone block in Mr. Weale's recent book is not very satisfactory. This picture records an historical visit paid by the Archduke Albert and the Infanta Isabella to Cornelius van der Geest, whose portrait by Van Dyke is in the National Gallery. It was shown at the Old Master Exhibition of 1907, and again at Bruges later in the year. Apart from the way in which a seventeenth-century interior is treated, it has a documentary interest, owing to the pictures represented on the wall of the merchant's house. There are many well-known masterpieces which can be identified; and one of them is a very famous lost Van Eyck. The delicacy and precision of this picture are marvellously rendered in the photogravure.

We cannot, however, see the use of giving the portrait of Canon Van der Paele (also reproduced in Mr. Weale's book), as the picture is not in a private collection, but at

Hampton Court, a resort much too accessible to the public. Moreover, there is considerable doubt concerning its authenticity; many excellent judges think it is only a copy from Van Eyck; the reproduction in Mr. Weale's book suffices. Then we venture to protest against the inclusion of a not very first-rate example of the never very first-rate Bonifazio. Pictures chosen for this unique publication should have either æsthetic significance, historical significance, or antiquarian significance. A painting that does not possess any of these qualities may be an agreeable drawing-room curiosity, but has no place in a serious publication of the kind. Bonifazio was once, like Gaul, divided into three parts, and since his unification hardly requires further apotheosis.

It is, however, impossible that twenty photogravures should satisfy every taste; and a wide catholicity has been wisely exercised. For the unlearned who simply like beautiful pictures nothing could surpass the "Miss Montague" by Gainsborough in the possession of Messrs. Agnew, and for mere painting nothing could equal the Hogarth of Mr. Cartwright. Every one will derive special pleasure from the portraits of the Earl and Countess of Arundel, by Van Somer, most appropriately reproduced in the portfolio. In the background of the Earl's pictures are seen the famous Arundel marbles in a characteristic perspective. Every one should encourage the Arundel Club by becoming a member; and apparently any one can become a member; blackballing is unknown.

F. S. S.

THE LIMITS OF VERSE-LENGTH

It is not uninteresting to ask what determines the length of verse-lines. Oliver Wendell Holmes thought it was lung-power—that Spenser must have habitually breathed more slowly than Prior, "Anacreon" more quickly than Homer. His own limit he set at ten syllables; a line of twelve he found too much for one breath, too little for two. But lines of ten syllables usually contain caesural pauses, where it is natural to take breath. Did Pope's lungs permit him to utter only four or five syllables at once? Expert reciters, on the other hand, can easily repeat two or more lines of blank verse on one breath. There may be something in Holmes's idea, but it clearly cannot be taken as a fixed rule; at the most it may suggest a possible reason why too long lines are undesirable.

That the actual limit has to do with form seems certain. For amorphous lines, in a sort of "tumbling verse," can be prolonged indefinitely. A couplet in Zachary Boyd's version of the Bible is said to run somewhat as follows (I quote from memory), and the second line obviously admits of unlimited expansion:

Now was not Pharaoh a very great rascal,
Who would not let the Children of Israel, with their
flocks and their herds, their wives and their little
ones—[etc. etc., *ad lib.*—go into the wilderness
to keep the Lord's Paschal!

Such a line manifestly has no limits. Some "lines" of Walt Whitman's, again, extend, or might extend, over a page. Without thought of such extreme cases, it will still be conceded that any rude popular rhyme can be swelled out almost at pleasure. It is the self-conscious artist alone who feels that he has limits.

Our poets themselves, however, are not always consistent. They print as one line what we feel to be two, and less often as two what we feel to be one. Mrs. Browning makes a single line of:

To the belfry, one by one, went the ringers from the sun,
And Poe of:

Once upon a midnight dreary, as I pondered weak and weary.
Scott gives us as four lines:

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended:
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded.

Into how many lines should we divide :

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew, the furrow followed free ?

It may stand as one, as two, or as three. How many are there in this :

Bertram finished the last pages, while along the silence ever
Still in hot and heavy splashes fell the tears on every leaf ?

Rhyme cannot alone decide the matter, as some of the above instances show ; yet, except to bring out the rhyming jingle, there seems no reason why a line-ending should be shown at "ever" and not at "pages."

Rhyme is, of course, a very potent means of indicating the end of a line. But it is also used otherwise, by way of such "internal" echoes as Robert Browning affected when he wrote :

The dull turned bright as I caught your white
On my bosom

and still more grotesquely in :

Let the mere star-fish in his vault
Crawl in a wash of weed, indeed,
Rose-jacynth to the finger-tips.

A parodist of his, burlesquing this tendency, perpetrated the line :

I have gained and attained, and remained unstained.

Midway rhymes, at any rate, are constantly employed by our chief poets, with no purpose of line-division, and often with delightful effect, as when Mr. Swinburne writes :

England, queen of the waves, whose green inviolate girdle enrings
thee round.

We must, therefore, look elsewhere than to rhyme for what really causes a line to end.

The fact that English poets habitually use comparatively short measures is certainly significant. Counting by *beats*, which are less accurately termed "stresses" (the metrical beat need not always come on a stressed syllable), we find three, four, and five by far the commonest number. The last is, of course, the number in our ordinary "heroic couplet" and "blank verse." Longfellow's "Evangeline" has six, corresponding in this to ancient "hexameter," the heroic metre of old Greece. Mr. Swinburne has lately accustomed us to lines of seven and eight beats (the latter is exemplified by the line last quoted) ; while Tennyson, in two pieces lately mentioned in these pages, ventured on nine beats. Three metrical experiments, printed here on March 28th,* essayed extension to ten and eleven. It must not be supposed that there is any difficulty in writing much longer lines, so far as grammar and sense are concerned. The question is merely at what stage such lines cease to impress as single entities. Here, for example, is one of those lines doubled in length, by crude enough methods, yet without introducing any grammatical pause :

With an arrowy rush and a thunderous roar from the storm-shattered
crest of the eminent mountain around and adown to the slumbering
valley the masterful hurricane dreadfully leaps in delirious frenzy
of virulent wrath.

That is a "twenty-stress" line, unhelpt by internal rhyme or assonance ; but would any one call it a real single line ? Does it not impress simply as a congeries of shorter lines—of five four-stress unrhyming lines, perhaps—which for a freak have been printed as one ? Is there any more real unity in it than in the following, which everyone will say are cases of four lines printed as one ?

Come not back again to labour, come not back again to suffer, where
the famine and the fever wear the body, waste the brain ;
Soon my task will be completed, soon your footsteps I shall follow to
the islands of the blessed, where we two shall meet again.

The natural limit seems to vary with race and speech-habit. Persian and Arabian poetry, I understand, habitually admit lines much longer than ours. The late Professor York Powell, in a letter, sent half a dozen lines which he said were "like some Arabic gasideh." I quote the first two :

* In No. II. of these, "tremble and shriek" should have been "tremble and shrink," and the next line had a superfluous comma after "destruction." Otherwise the printing was admirably correct.

I stand on the dune with the Old Fort on my left hand bronze-
brown, red-fleck'd, like some monster shell of the deep ;
And away to the right, Andreselles, scarlet-roof'd, in a magic violet
haze, on the reef at the edge of the steep.

However these lines may impress Oriental scholars, to an English ear they are not verse ; they are an exotic mixture of prose and verse, not without a certain charm, but one wholly strange, foreign, unreal to us. The same writer, by the bye, produced a monosyllabic sonnet, opening thus :

He: Guess
Who—
Do !
She: Tess ?
He: Bess.
She: You
Too !
He: Yes.*

And Herrick wrote one of his "Hesperides" in dissyllabic lines :

Thus I
Pass by
And die,
As one
Unknown
And gone.

But such eccentricities serve only to show how unnatural to us is either a very short or a very long line.

The real limit, seemingly, is our power of co-ordination. Any line which cannot be comfortably grasped as a whole, either when heard or when presented to the eye, fails to give pleasure, and is shunned by the poet accordingly. It is partly matter of habit and training. Six-beat lines were thought dangerously long less than a century ago ; to Eighteenth Century readers an eight-beat line would have sounded monstrous. What our poets may have yet in store for us cannot be foretold, but it seems unlikely that our present metres can be considerably prolonged without other modification. As it is, most eight-beat lines tend to break into two halves ; with ten or twelve the tendency would be still greater. For this reason, probably, Tennyson selected nine rather than ten for his experiment, and it cannot be said that his lines show no tendency to separate. Those "To Virgil," indeed, are usually printed as containing two unequal portions. Skilful use of rhyme and alliteration may help the reader through a long line, but there is the danger that these may emphasise rather than neutralise division. The practice of poets must decide the issue. Riper students of verse may suggest considerations overlooked by me ; but, in the long run, it is practice alone which at once educates and decides. *Solvi'ur ambulando*. If our poets find that still longer lines will "go," they will write them, and then we may be able to see how and why they "go ;" till then, prediction is probably, as usual, futile.

T. S. O.

DIGNITY AND PICTURES

WHO has not heard the story of Old Crome's advice to his son about to paint ? "John, my boy, if your subject is only a pigsty, dignify it." No further words are needed to show the Norwich master's opinion on the relative importance of subject and treatment ; but it would be interesting, and, no doubt, instructive, to learn the veteran's views as to the way in which dignity can be imparted to a painting. Happily, perhaps, for themselves, painters have rarely a passion to define in words the qualities which give distinction to a work of art. That is the business of the critic, whose task it is neatly to dissect those qualities and exhibit them separately for the few who care to profit by his labours. It is an ungrateful task, and I do not wonder that many abandon the science for dithyrambic vapourings more popular with the crowd. But analysis has a fascination of its own, and even an unsuccessful experiment is not wholly useless if it stirs others to more fruitful effort.

* "Frederick York Powell." By Oliver Elton (1906). Vol. II., pp. 390, 394.

Without presuming to have obtained any nice qualitative results, after a rough quantitative investigation which must leave many elements undetected, it occurs to me that the characteristic which we call dignity in a painting is chiefly due to two causes—the composition or arrangement of the masses and the surface quality of the paint. The first is a comparatively simple matter, good composition being a geometrical question of balance, of mass against mass, of line against line, of light against shade. But a fine quality of paint is as evasive as a fine quality of silk or velvet. Custom teaches us to distinguish between the good and the inferior, but though we may be in a position to recognise the best workmanship we are not necessarily clear in our minds as to the manner in which this excellence has been brought about.

With pictures the question is further complicated by the existence of two excellences. For there are two sorts of painting, as of soup—thick and thin—and both have merits proper to themselves. There is the fine liquid quality of a Whistler, a Manet, a Vermeer; there is the fine fatty quality of a Rubens, a Monticelli, or a Crome. The second appeals to generous spirits and seems the easier of attainment. The first is won only by the few, with the many it degenerates into a sordid economy, producing results like the bread-and-scrape of the parsimonious school-marm. Perhaps the secret is that beneath the thicker painting it is easier to cover up errors, though wise painters assure us that in either style excellence is the result of sureness and purity. Each touch of paint must come to stay, as the phrase runs; it cannot be corrected or altered without impairing its final virtue. But we are approaching culinary matters, which I hear are beyond the critic's province. We are to judge of results only, and need not bother about the details of its preparation if the flavour of the dish be good. And as the good cook will serve us soup thick or thin of equal excellence, so the chef in pigment should paint with facility in either style.

The question of dignity was raised in my mind by Crome's *Old Barns* at Messrs. Shepherd's current Exhibition. The question of quality is answered by his *Coast Scene*, also at 27, King-street. It was rarely that old Crome attempted a sea-piece—only two other marines by him are known—and in Messrs. Shepherd's picture, which some say was inspired by Turner, which to my thinking shows also strongly the influence of Cotman, we have an admirable example of the blended qualities, the thin painting of the water, the creamy texture of the foam. Another example of dignity and quality in paint is the splendid *Tivoli* of Thomas Barker, of Bath, majestic in its classic composition, appealing in the luscious glow of its noble colour. There is good quality of paint, too, in Constable's finished study in oils for his picture, *A Dell in Helmingham Park*. But it has not the dignity of the Barker, because the rhythm and balance of the composition is less exquisite. It is not in the same class with the Barker—an undoubted masterpiece—and yet many will pay more attention to the other because it is by Constable, because the picture for which it is a study twenty years ago brought £2,400 at Christie's. For this is our solid, sensible way of looking at pictures in England.

Let me hasten to exonerate Messrs. Shepherd in this particular. No dealers in London pay less respect to persons and more attention to merit wherever found. They have made their exhibitions famous by reason of their patient resuscitation of forgotten merit. Each year they bring to light some British painter whose name has unworthily been forgotten. And while speaking of classical landscapes, I should not forget to mention *A Grecian City* by Henry Dawson (1811-1878), their latest discovery and rescue. And this year they have disinterred from Ireland a *Girl at a Window*, by Richard Rothwell (an able contemporary of Lawrence), and a number of well-painted, Ostade-like interiors by one Alfred Provis. They have also found a *Portrait of a Boy*, by Raeburn, deeply interesting, because of a spirituality rarely attained by the Scottish master. Yet, in my heart, I believe Messrs. Shepherd are prouder of their Provises. You see, every-

body knows about Raeburn, but who before ever heard of Alfred Provis?

I have ventured to suggest by a comparison of the Constable with the Barker that composition is an essential element of dignity. I might compare the originals of Whistler's *Mother* and *Carlyle* with the vile reproductions in colour now flaunted in the market-place to show how great a dignity is lost with the change of surface. But I would not press the point, knowing that colour is not, in truth, an essential. Obviously there is dignity in black and white, and many happy examples may be found among the designs of Mr. Louis Davis, now on exhibition at Mr. Van Wisselingh's gallery. Having no salons in London where such work can be exhibited, we are apt to be despondent about decorative art, and because we see it not we fear it does not exist. Mr. Davis's beautiful designs for private chapels and noble halls reassure us. The State, it is true, does little or nothing, but the statesmen who adorn our Upper House do much, and it is consoling to think that their private generosity and good taste gives to men of talent those opportunities for distinction which officialdom cannot, or will not, afford.

One last word and I have done, for there is a picture at the Royal Society of British Artists which eloquently illustrates the dignity of paint. Messrs. Shepherd do valiant service for the neglected dead, but there are no rescuers in Bond Street for the neglected living. For years Mr. Fred F. Foottet has used the science of the luminists to portray the poetry of the romanticists, achieving results which no living painter, with the possible exception of M. Le Sidaner, has approached or equalled. Mr. Foottet is in many respects the most personal and original landscape-painter we possess. He has his limitations, but so had Whistler; and, like Whistler, Mr. Foottet knows all about them and how to achieve exquisiteness within their bounds. He has a fondness for virginal schemes of colour and I can think of no painter who has drawn such tender strains from from notes of blue and white. He has also a fondness for bridges, and his *Richmond: Twilight* is really one of a series which deserves a place with the haystacks and Cathedrals of Monet. But alone it is a masterpiece of lyric painting—a lament in colour of that loveliness which is poignant and fleeting, the moving symbol of all earthly joys.

FRANK RUTTER.

"SPITCH-COCKED"

It is strange that this queer term in cookery has never been properly explained from its true source. There is a good account of its use in Palmer's "Folk-Etymology," where it is stated, on the authority of Kettner, "Book of the Table," p. 119, that a spatch-cock fowl is one spread on a skewer after having been split open at the back, just as a broiled eel done on a skewer is called a spitch-cocked eel. Dr. Palmer explains it as a corruption of "spit-stuck," for which form, luckily, there is no authority.

The oldest quotation given in books is from the old play of *Northward Hoe* (1607), Act I., scene 1: "Will you have some cray-fish and a spitch-cock?" Here spitch-cock is short for "spitch-cocked eel," as will be seen from the etymology. I find the pp. *spitch-cocked* used in a metaphorical sense (showing that it was already well-known) in a curious passage in T. Cartwright's play *The Ordinary* (1651), printed in Hazlitt's edition of "Dodsley's Old Plays," Vol. XII., p. 239. The reason why the etymology has not been discovered is because the word is really of High German origin, and probably reached us through Holland. As most of our words in the Elizabethan period that are borrowed from Teutonic are almost invariably from Dutch or Low German sources, it was natural that our etymologists should omit to seek further. It is pretty clear that Dr. Palmer's conjectural "spit-stuck" was made for the purpose of accounting for the *sch*; and he is quite right as to the first five letters, only

the *s* belongs to the *t*, and the first syllable is really *spits*, a form which actually occurs in one of the quotations which he gives, though he gives it under the heading *spatch-cock* as being the "popular" form. We find, accordingly, the correct form in T. Brown's Works, II., 221. "The first course consisted of a huge platterful of scorpions *spits-cooked*." This form is perfectly correct, and is explicable as it stands.

For the true prefix is the Middle High German *spiz*, "a spit," with the *z* pronounced as *ts*, as usual. With this prefix was formed the remarkable derivative *spiz-brato*, which is still in use in German in the form *spies braten*, meat roasted on the spit. This settles at once both the form and the sense of the former element. And now that we know we have to deal with German, it becomes clear that *cock* is precisely the German *kochen*, to cook, and the whole word is solved. It simply means "spit-cooked," or cooked on a spit; whilst it is at the same time obvious that the remarkable form *spitch* could never have been evolved from any language but High German. Our spelling with *-cock* is due to the Dutch *kokken*, to cook. If we look around for corroborative evidence, it is not difficult to find. The term was certainly first applied to the cooking of eels, even as in the piece of advice in the "Ingoldsby Legends," that it is best to have them "spitch-cooked or stewed—they're too oily when fried." Sewel's "English-Dutch Dictionary" (1749) says that a *spitch-cock* is "een groote aal of paaling," a great eel or a *paaling*; and he explains the Dutch *paaling* as a "spitch-cock eel, eel of the biggest and fattest sort." Calisch's modern "Dutch Dictionary" boldly substitutes the Dutch *spil* for the German *spies*, and gives us: "*Spit-aal*, a spitch-eel," thus greatly strengthening the evidence as to the sense of *spitch*.

Of course popular etymology never guessed the true source of the word. Hence it was at last turned into *spatch-cooked*—i.e., *dispatch-cooked* (formerly correctly spelt with *di-*, not *de-*); and hence Grose's "Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue" has the entry: "*Spatch-cock*, abbreviation of a *dispatch-cock*, an Irish dish upon any sudden occasion." The latter element remained unchanged, and, no doubt, many thought that the reference was to an actual cock or fowl, which is, indeed, much more convenient than an eel for use "upon any sudden occasion."

Step by step, says George Herbert, the ladder is ascended. One by one words are at last explained. Fortunately, a true etymology will last for ever.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Portugal. By H. MORSE STEPHENS. With Five New Portraits, and an Additional Chapter by MARTIN HUME. (Fisher Unwin, 5s.)

SOME years ago Mr. Morse Stephens compiled a history of Portugal which appeared in the "Story of the Nations" series, and this has now been reissued in a red cover in place of the original green, with an additional chapter on the reign of King Carlos by Major Hume. When he lived among us, Mr. Stephens had the reputation of knowing a good deal about the period of the French Revolution, and Major Hume, by numerous works, has established his position as an authority on Spain, but, judging by the book before us, neither the one nor the other has gone very deeply into the affairs of Portugal, and a good history of that country has still to be written. It is not usual to criticise a reprint, but of the additional chapter we must observe that its tone and phrasing smack too much of a controversial pamphlet, and the style is sometimes distinctly "journalistic." The author does not seem to have set himself to study the events of the years 1891 to 1908 with sufficient care and detail, or to have penetrated the causes of that "corruption" of which he talks so much. It is generally recognised that "the future

of Portugal lies in Africa," yet he tells us hardly anything of the great work done during the last reign in Angola and Mozambique, by which Portuguese dominion over those large and rich territories has been rendered effective; and he omits altogether the victorious campaign against the Vatuas and Mousinho's daring exploit, the capture of Gungunhama, which amazed foreign military critics who, remembering our Zulu War, never imagined that the Portuguese, with a much smaller force, could achieve such successes. Moreover, he falls into some very avoidable blunders, as, for instance, when he remarks that monasticism is forbidden in Portugal, and, again, when he says that Senhor Franco belonged to the Progressistas, whereas the very name of the Dictator's party should have proved that he was a Regenerador. But the chief fault we have to find with the chapter is its lack of important facts, except such as relate to party politics, and the rather superficial criticism with which these are too often appreciated. We gladly admit, however, that Major Hume gives a fair account of the strife of parties, their struggle with both King and Dictator, and the origins of the tragedy of February 1st, which came as a shock to Europe, though some of us who were in Lisbon at the time feared a catastrophe. The late reign witnessed a series of measures designed to increase the Royal power, their authors being the Monarch and some of his advisers, who had learnt, as they thought, from the historian Oliveira Martins that the King alone could save the nation, and they justified their creed by pointing to the maladministration of the "rotativist" parties, but how far patriotic, how far merely selfish motives inspired them it is difficult to determine. There can be no doubt, however, that Senhor Franco, who largely acted on their views, received very general support in his early days, and if he had shown patience and tact it seems quite likely that, with Dom Carlos at his back, he might have succeeded in the task he set himself of regenerating the country. Unfortunately, he entirely lacked those qualities; and while he weakened the position of the two historic parties, his actions so irritated public opinion against the King, who assumed responsibility for them, that he seriously compromised the safety of the monarchy. Major Hume is right in holding that the question of finance has been the origin of most of the troubles in Portugal, and though the country grows richer year by year, and is economically sound, the deficit on the budget continues; but he errs in ascribing this to corruption and jobbery, for it is mainly due to the heavy charges which have been incurred for colonial development and wars, the building of railways at home, and other necessary outlays. He might have gone on to say that one of the causes of the conspiracy which led to the King's death was a money question, for the dictatorial decree adding to the Civil List still further increased hostility to Dom Carlos and his Minister, and, when followed by exiles and imprisonments, so distorted the moral vision of the populace that they were able to view the crime with indifference. We regret that Major Hume should have given support to the notion that Portugal has "an utterly corrupt officialism dominating every branch of the public service." Our acquaintance with Portuguese officials of all classes convinces us that so sweeping a charge is baseless and cruel, and only calculated to do ill offices to England in Portugal.

Knives or Fools? By C. E. WHEELER, M.D. (John Hogg, 2s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a neat, unpretentious little book, which merits careful attention. The case is stated of a number of men who are working quite without recognition—who are, indeed, placed in the dilemma suggested by the title. All names which minorities carry are apt to have a curious savour of odium about them, or a savour of sanctity, both of which are obscuring to the intelligence. The case which Dr. Wheeler states is that of Homœopathy. It is made strong by the absence of partisanship and the moderation with which he writes. He is an homœopath, but he has no sentimental attachment to homœopathy. His position is clear and sound. He says:—Here is a

treatment of disease by drugs which is reasoned and has an infinite scope for development. Why is this treatment ignored, as though it were the foolish propaganda of faddists? He writes not in the interests of homœopathy primarily, but in the interests of science and of mankind, and so he lifts the book above the troubled region of the personal. It is a book which should be answered officially in the same spirit as that in which it is written. Officially—the word requires some explanation. It would seem incredible that the medical profession should be in the position which is apt to characterise the sects of a religion: that a part of the medical profession should be, as it were, established—that is to say, recognised by the State—and that a part should be looked upon as dissenters. That such sentiment should be allowed to creep into scientific matters is deplorable, and that it has crept into the medical profession is a melancholy fact.

Dr. Wheeler shows with admirable restraint and keen insight into human nature how this position arose and has developed since Samuel Hahnemann first enunciated the new truth—*Similia similibus curentur*:

From the beginning it must be recognised that the man who propounds a new idea which, if adopted, will revolutionise the practise of any art, will never obtain justice with the present organisation of society. Friends too enthusiastic and enemies too prejudiced will together combine to destroy any chance of dispassionate investigation, and both sides will go into the fight waving banners on which will be inscribed their devotion to truth, their passion for humanity, and their freedom from self-interest.

Now that more than a hundred years have elapsed since Hahnemann's discovery, it is time, Dr. Wheeler suggests, that the truth he enunciated should be investigated, and his book serves to indicate what lines this investigation should take. In the first chapter he discusses the present situation, how though the law of Britain recognises homœopaths as the full equals of the compact majority, yet all the weight of authority is against them; records of cases cured by homœopathy are not received by the professional journals; for years "The Medical Directory" refused to print any record of hospital appointments or contributions to medical literature that bore the impress of Homœopathy, and when homœopaths were thus forced to start their own institutions they were forced to bear the stigma of creating a division in the medical profession. In the second chapter he deals with Hahnemann and his times, and shows that Hahnemann cannot justly be considered the dreamer or quack he is lightly supposed to be, but rather that he was a great man who worked laboriously, and whose work has been of the utmost value to science. In the third chapter, which to the lay mind is of exceptional interest, he shows the trend of modern medicine, pointing out the growth of surgical treatment and the cloud of obscurity that hangs still over drug treatment and the action of drugs; he shows that in many cases the "profession" make use of homœopathic treatment without any recognition of the axiom *Similia similibus curentur*, which is the only idea that has ever been evolved to systematise the use of drugs. Then in the fourth chapter he inquires more closely into the predicament imposed upon homœopaths that they are either knaves or fools. He draws attention to the results which have been obtained and to the ever-increasing number of followers who give up all prospect of official advantage and of the numerous posts which become closed to them, because they feel that they are better equipped to fight disease by homœopathic methods than by the established means. And in the last chapter, which is finely written, Dr. Wheeler discusses the future and its possibilities. He desires no "reconciliation" or sentimental reunion. He desires that this dictum *Similia similibus curentur* should be openly investigated, and that there should be one great army to oppose the spread of disease. In a matter so important as the health of the nation little rivalries should not be allowed to exist.

Dr. Wheeler makes his case good. We have rarely seen the case of a minority argued so sanely and so well. We recommend the book to all who are interested not only in

the health of their bodies (what intelligent man is not?), but in the cause of justice.

Harvard Studies in Classical Philology. Vol. XVIII., 1907. (Harvard University Press and Longmans, Green, and Co., 6s.)

AMERICAN scholarship and Harvard scholarship are two different things. For the foundation that owes its existence to Harvard of Emmanuel has always retained something of the spirit of exactitude which belongs to the mother University, and is not marked by the loose sentimentalism which is so painfully characteristic of much of the literary output of other American centres of learning. The Harvard Studies have earned a well-deserved place among the valuable contributions to classical learning which come from the world's Universities. And the present volume does not fail to maintain the standard that we have learned to expect. Thus we may respect, even while we dissent from, the conclusions of Mr. J. W. White concerning logædic metre in Greek comedy. The opinions of Hephaestion are certainly deserving of more consideration than they have received at the hands of modern German metrists; and Mr. White's basis of argument practically amounts to a statement of the credibility of the ancient writers upon metre. This we should be the last to deny; and we should be the first to rejoice at the sweeping away of the vast number of modern distinctions without differences into which the cola of an Aristophanic chorus have been torn. But we are not so sure as Mr. White appears to be that the antispast is unassailable. To be sure the Phalæcian has good enough authority; but it is not essential to regard it as antispastic in base. As a matter of fact the logædic metre as a whole is a thing of mystery, and one has only to compare the various scansiones and theories of scansion applied to Pindar, for example, to realise that, while Mr. White does undoubted service to scholarship by this careful paper, he cannot claim finality for his conclusions. When he proceeds to apply a system of temporal notation to his choruses, we leave him to his task with all sympathy and good wishes for a happy issue out of all his afflictions.

Frankly, we do not like Mr. Bryant's paper on "Boyhood in Athens." It is careful and full to a degree, but is marred by a too close consideration of the darkest blot on Hellenic civilisation. And, moreover, there is a great deal of padding—quite unconsciously introduced, no doubt, for the writer has certainly intended to keep close to his subject. But in a collection of papers of this kind, that which one seeks is rather the new than the old newly phrased; and we have no use under such circumstances for imaginary word-pictures, however charming in themselves, of the Athenian boy drinking in tales of far countries from that Phœnician sailor-man of whom we have grown so heartily tired, knowing him to be no more than a stock lay figure borrowed from the Odyssey and made to do duty long after his time.

The paper by Mr. Ernest Cary on the MS. Tradition of the Acharnenses is a valuable piece of work, very thoroughly carried out. A well-planned stemma gives the results of Mr. Cary's consideration of the relation between the MSS., all of which he has collated from photographic facsimiles. R., of course, stands by itself. But the author places Suidas one step nearer the archetype, and we are not surprised to find that he has some difficulty in placing Γ in very clearly recognisable relationship to the remaining MSS. He appears to consider it a slightly later "cousin" of A, five places removed from the archetype, and closely connected with B in its second and third hands. And he adheres, though with a purely negative assent, to Zacher's dating of the archetype.

Even if we do not agree wholly with his conclusions, his collection of data will be of the utmost value to students both of Aristophanic MS. tradition and of the text itself, who have not the opportunity of collating the MSS. for themselves—and these, it is certain, are in a vast majority.

The remaining papers are not out of place in such good company, and we regard this volume of the studies as of

equal value with its predecessors, and an earnest of good work to come in the future.

Familiar Faces. By HARRY GRAHAM. (Edward Arnold, 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. HARRY GRAHAM'S latest volume is a disappointment. Hitherto he has contrived to wear the motley with a certain distinction, but for once the jingling of the jester's bells sounds a little harsh and out of tune. For one thing, the pun is so archaic a form of wit, and one, moreover, that has been so wantonly abused, that it has been relegated by all discriminating humorists to the limbo of complete forgetfulness. Mr. Graham puns impenitently, recklessly. He discloses himself in this book as a specialist in the obvious. He does not even mind appropriating the least successful puns of other people:

If you only will astound the world or shock it,
If you'll stir or even interest the town,
Soaring rapturously skyward like a (C)rocket,
Never mind if like a Stick(it) you come down—

is not a very happy variant on a not very happy fancy of Mr. Zangwill's. And, though Mr. Graham must be credited, now as always, with an amazing facility in the manipulation of difficult verse-forms, the persistence of the broken rhyme in these verses is apt to become more than a little tiring.

There is an iconoclastic note in some of Mr. Graham's poems, for which readers of "Verse and Worse" and "Misrepresentative Men" will be prepared. For the most part, however, our knight-errant appears to be engaged in the superfluous task of tilting at windmills. Vegetarians, music-hall comedians, and retired Army officers are such small game that they are hardly worth the hunting, and the barbs of Mr. Graham's satire are rendered pointless by the crude absurdity of Mr. George Morrow's illustrations. The author, by the way, credits Mr. Morrow with a parting word of disinterested advice:

(N.B.—This book, says Mr. Morrow,
Is one to *buy* and NOT to *borrow*!)

This book of verse, we say instead, is one that may be left unread.

James Francis Edward, the Old Chevalier. By MARTIN HAILE. (London: Dent and Co., 16s. net.)

THE book on James III. by Mr. Andrew Lang and Miss Shield was reviewed so recently in these columns that we can hardly afford the space to go over the subject again. It is unfortunate for both books that they should clash, and we can but say that their respective authors must be content to divide the prize. The earlier book is found, on the whole, the more vivid and attractive reading; but Mr. Haile's is a piece of very thorough-going and conscientious work, perhaps fuller in detail than the other. His judgments are substantially the same; in fact, there is hardly room, given knowledge and a fair wind, for differences. The hopefulness of the cause at the beginning, and its patriotic mismanagement to the end, must be common ground. So must be the treachery of some, and the folly of some, the devotion of many, of James's adherents. And so must be the character of James himself, so cruelly libelled in "Esmond," his dutifulness, his patience, his uprightness. The story has waited so long for its proper telling that it is less surprising than unlucky that it should be told in duplicate at the same moment.

A Book of Birds. By W. P. PYCRAFT. (S. Appleton, 6s.)

THE birdnesting urchin of the last generation, if he wanted a manual, was usually given Professor Thomas Rymer Jones's "Natural History," Bewick being kept for his grandmama. The boy of the present day can find fuller information imparted less severely and in a more handy form: but it is easy to exaggerate the triumphs of Mr. Pycraft. With all the glories of colour to help him, he is not so far ahead as some would have us believe. He depicts five humming-birds, for instance, with pen and portrait, against his predecessor's four by illustration and

five by letterpress. He says nothing about the nests, which Professor Jones describes and illustrates, but he is more exact in the matter of distribution, which his rival limits by Bolivia and South Mexico. To come nearer home, Mr. Pycraft tells us interesting things about the cuckoo—how the cock submits to be mobbed while the hen puts the egg in the nest with her claws. He does not describe, as the earlier writer does most graphically, the ejection process served upon the infant robins. Neither of the writers touch the colour question, although Mr. Pycraft knows that the speckles of the cuckoo are deliberately intended to suggest to the victims that he is a hawk. Neither author tells us why the ouzel cock has a tawny yellow bill, nor why rooks should be black and starlings glossy. The introduction of Mr. Pycraft is his real glory. He lays the foundation of a solid ornithological study to the boy who will really master that introduction; but even those who will not, the majority can learn much about the birds whom they will harry in the Easter holidays. At the reconstructed *Archæopteryx* most scientific persons will hurl what Lowell calls "the contumelious stone."

FICTION

White Rose of Weary Leaf. By VIOLET HUNT. (Heinemann, 6s.)

MISS VIOLET HUNT has written an exceedingly clever novel which is sure to attract a large measure of the reading public's attention. Also one may reasonably expect that the story will excite comment and provoke discussion. The cleverness of the book is, indeed, so manifest that it may inspire a regret in the minds of some readers that Miss Hunt had not informed her subject with a finer or sterner quality. There is a marked energy shown in the writing, considerable ingenuity, and in places almost subtlety, in the characterisation; but somehow the author fails to quicken our sympathies or to stir our emotions. Amy Steevens, the heroine of the story, illustrates this deficiency in the author's powers more than all the other characters put together. Amy is Miss Hunt's masterpiece. In many details she is sketched with a quite brilliant fidelity to nature. She is a volatile character, as quick-witted as a cockney street-urchin, courageous in her many struggles with life, shrewd, peculiarly adroit in her management of persons whose intelligence have not been stung out of lethargy by poverty and want, ready in speech and action, and generally filled with the commonest common sense—before she fell in love with Mr. Dand. Nevertheless, with all her many attributes of individuality and fascination, Amy remains even to the last chapter nothing more than a splendidly interesting companion. We are always interested in her, but we never feel for her. She amuses us with her stratagems, fascinates us with her adventures, and, finally, draws from us a tacit acknowledgment that she has been a very unhappy creature, whose circumstances in life have been ordered by the spirit of tragedy. This ultimate admission is forced from the reader by the bare recital of her story; but it is impossible to shed tears over Amy or to feel the tragedy that we know exists.

As with Amy so with every other character in this remarkable book. They all interest us by their sayings and doings, amuse and tantalise us, but fail to touch the pulses of emotion. They are a barbarous set of people, even to Mr. Dand, the middle-aged country gentleman, and peculiarly vulgar in their habits of thought. Dand, in this latter respect, is the greatest offender of all. This person marries twice, and to both wives, Amy Steevens, at different periods in her career, acts as a paid companion. The girl ends by becoming Dand's mistress and dies in giving birth to his child. Dand commits suicide, as, in some early chapter, does a certain Sir Mervyn Dymond, who is, perhaps, the only unconvincing character in the novel. As will be seen, the book has more than its share of violent climaxes, but the entire scheme of the story is unfolded with so plausible an appearance of truth,

sustained everywhere by the force and freshness of the writing, that the reader does not pause to doubt or even question anything. We accept Amy Steevens as a person who lived and died, even though Miss Hunt has not allowed us to mourn for her.

The Fly on the Wheel. By KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON. (William Blackwood and Sons, 6s.)

THE extraordinary success of Mrs. Thurston as a novelist presents one of the strangest of problems to the student of contemporary fiction. Her style is undistinguished, save for an occasional opulence of epithet which suggests Miss Marie Corelli at her worst, and her matter is unimportant. Her frequent lapses into the cheapest form of pseudo-philosophy bore and irritate the reader. She will tell you that life is full of strange surprises or that sorrow is hard to bear with the air of one communicating some wholly new and original discovery. Deliberately discarding the methods of the romanticists, she professes to give you pictures of contemporary life and manners which are conspicuous for their grotesqueness and patent absurdity. Yet her books sell by the thousand, and "The Fly on the Wheel" has already become a popular success.

"The Fly on the Wheel" is another of Mrs. Thurston's Irish stories, the scene being laid in Waterford. The meaning of the title may be explained in a sentence—the wheel is society, and the fly Isabel Costello. Isabel is of foreign extraction, and, in consequence, of a very fiery nature. In Waterford she meets Stephen Carey, who, being a "strong" man, and very much of a brute into the bargain, carries her heart by storm from the first moment. Carey's heart, too, is touched, or, rather, as he is candidly reminded, his animal passions are aroused, and the end of a somewhat tedious flirtation is that the two lovers go off on a midnight escapade in a motor-car. Carey, being a married man with a family, is severely admonished the following morning by the parish priest, who has received tidings of the adventure. Convinced of the impropriety of his behaviour, Carey determines to relinquish Isabel, with the result that that intractable young female pays a sudden visit to his house and poisons herself. She had determined to do the unconventional thing, and she did it. The end is neither convincing nor artistically necessary, though we fully realise the difficulties that beset the author with regard to the disposal of her troublesome heroine. But to close a book which assumes to be a study of middle-class life in an Irish town with a scene which reeks of the stalest melodrama is an unworthy artifice. Only once, indeed, throughout the narrative does Mrs. Thurston rise superior to her style or her subject. The interview between Carey and Father James comes within measurable distance of great drama. The remainder of the book is too palpably absurd to call for serious criticism.

Dan Riach, Socialist. By the Author of "Miss Molly." (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

To read this story is rather like being carried, in a slow vehicle, through country, conscientiously cultivated indeed, but presenting little of special interest, and all the more disappointing, perhaps, in that it occasionally affords, at turns in the road, glimpses of a more promising landscape which we are not allowed to traverse. We start, to retain the metaphor a moment longer, at the summit of a long hill, and the retrospect is by no means void of attraction. Sir Austin Wyatt, a baronet of five-and-thirty, and the owner of some glassworks in the Midlands, has just had his eyes opened after years of hard work to the meaning and possibilities of love, but at the same time he finds himself face to face with a formidable strike which is more than likely to ruin him, and is doubly dangerous in view of a certain phase in his development. Brought up by his grandfather, a hard, cynical, money-worshipping old man who had wrung a fortune from the works, he had early grown to detest his treatment of his men, and, coming while at Oxford under the

influence of Dan Riach, a hard-hitting Socialist with something leonine about him, had eventually thrown in his lot with him, united himself—uncanonically, but with Dan's entire approval—to his niece Isabel, a pretty, colourless girl, and had become his staunchest disciple upon socialistic platforms. Two years of the association, however, had sufficed to convince him not only that Isabel and he had nothing in common, but also that Dan's views were as false as those of his grandfather. He had parted (on her own initiative) with Isabel, renounced his discipleship, and settled down upon his grandfather's death to an enlightened, and for a time entirely successful, rule over his little kingdom. But now twelve years have passed, a labour crisis is imminent, and he finds himself ranged against a formidable and unscrupulous combination headed by his old teacher who has nursed a bitter resentment against him, and is athirst to ruin him "in the interests of the community." The fight which follows has at least the merit of being intricate and many-sided, complicated as it is by Wyatt's conception of his duty towards Isabel, whose story his opponents are determined to noise abroad, and to whom he renews an offer of marriage made years before in a letter returned to him unopened. But unfortunately the spectators' interest is allowed to fall away from one after another of the combatants. First from Riach, who refuses proof positive of his enemy's chivalry, and scarcely convinces us of his own common honesty. And secondly, from Sir Austin himself, in view of his really insatiable stupidity. The author labours with almost painful conscientiousness, in face of an undistinguished style and terribly heavy dialogue, to present him as "owning religion in her rags as well as in her silver slippers," but after all, we fear that the comment of his sincere friend and well-wisher, Lady Henry Ferard—"Oh, isn't Austin a fool? and worse, an unamusing one?"—has more than a modicum of truth in it. Surely no ordinary intelligence could well have failed to glimpse peace of mind with honour to boot in Isabel's obvious inclination towards the truculent foreman. We dislike this playing at blind man's buff with the characters. But Lady Henry at least peeps shrewdly beneath her handkerchief; there is a nice placid duke, and an amusing duchess; while as for Theresa, who, with her "White Garden," stands for youth and love and purity—well, we are delighted to "take her as meant."

Morag the Seal. By J. W. BRODIE INNES. (Rebman, 6s.)

A GREAT many would-be readers of this book will be discouraged by the very conventional opening. The barrister-detective who is always engaged in catching trains to solve mysteries is a very old acquaintance, and Mr. Brodie Innes treats us to all the usual incidents that accompany the amateur sleuth-hound on his travels. By degrees, however, the story improves, and half-way through the book the reader's attention is held by the easy flow of language and the exciting narrative. "Morag the Seal" is the story of a struggle to keep a Scottish estate, the villain being Sir John Bradley, and the heroine Morag, called the Seal, the rightful owner of the property. Considerable mystery is introduced by the author, and the dream-vagaries of his principal character add somewhat unnecessarily, it should be said, to the story. All comes right in the end, and Morag obtains possession of the estates, marries the barrister-detective, and, presumably, lives happy ever after.

A Prophet's Reward. By E. H. STRAIN. (Blackwood, 6s.)

MR. STRAIN's book opens with a curious little apologue consisting of a dialogue between the wizard Michael Scott and Satan, in which the Arch-Enemy complains that "thae discoveries—thae charities and inventions," and all the plans and projects for the good of humanity, have rendered the world no place for a self-respecting Devil. He demands that, if mankind is to reap the benefit of all these schemes, at least the originators shall be handed over to him. The wizard points out that Satan can have no

hold over men who "eschew personal profit and work purely for the general good," a fact which the Fiend does not deny, though his knowledge of human nature tells him that the number of those who escape his toils will be small. Though the Devil does not appear again in the story, we find him busily at work in the persons of various administrators of the law in Scotland, and it is with real satisfaction that we see him cheated of at least one victim. The tale is put into the mouth of an elderly Scotch Colonel, who, after a compulsory sojourn of thirty-two years in France, owing to his Jacobite tendencies, returns to his native land, only to be drawn back into political controversy. The Colonel is one of the finest characters in a very good book. Not only is Mr. Strain's power of characterisation unusual, but he has the art of making whatever he writes about interesting, and we were genuinely sorry to find ourselves at the last chapter.

The Romance of a Queen. By WEATHERBY CHESNEY. (Chatto and Windus, 6s.)

It is difficult to separate fact from fiction in "The Romance of a Queen." A great deal is no doubt due to the author's imagination, though the story of the massacre of the Royal couple and the description of the main incidents in Queen Draga's career are historically correct. The author's sympathy evidently lies with the unfortunate Queen, who, in his hands, becomes a noble and much maligned character, whose only fault was ambition, and who sacrificed her reputation and eventually her life for the sake of the young King and his mother. In any case, the facts are dramatic enough to form excellent material for a novel. The petty intrigues of the Servian Court, the life of the picturesque and lawless population of Belgrade, and the romantic and adventurous career of the Queen herself, cannot fail to make a readable and eventful story.

The Weaning. By JAMES BLYTH. (Werner Laurie, 6s.)

To those who like a pleasant, well-written tale, told with a certain shrewdness and quiet humour, we strongly recommend "The Weaning." The story is that of a sentimental episode between a very callow youth and a somewhat abandoned little flirt. The youth is jilted, ruthlessly, to find, after a short period of very violent despair, that not only is his heart still intact, but that his fickle affections are already inclining in another direction. This time the lady is worthy of his affection, which develops into real love, and the "weaning" is complete. The characters, who are every-day people leading ordinary, uneventful lives, are described with a sympathy and kindness which show not a little insight into human nature. The chapter in which two merry old gentlemen chuckle together over the love-sick poetical effusions of their respective children is as delightful as the poems are themselves. For the mad motorist Mr. Blyth has no pity. His treatment of the "road-hog," as he calls him, is drastic in the extreme, though it would be difficult to deny that the most unpleasant picture he gives us is in any way exaggerated. Very disarming also is his frank admission that "from the seat of a fast car nothing is more delightful than the pastime," and he gives us a description of a motor run which speaks for itself.

The Burning Cresset. By HOWARD PEASE. (Constable, 6s.)

THE last book of Mr. Pease's historical trilogy suffers from the fact that the reader knows what end is inevitable, for the author takes no liberties with history. "The Burning Cresset" is a story of "the last rising of the North" in 1715, ending with the execution of the Earl of Derwentwater, to whose memory the book is dedicated. Mr. Pease is evidently of the Sir Walter Scott school of historical romancers, but, in fairness to him, it must be admitted that he displays considerable originality, although his indebtedness to "the Wizard of the North" is obvious. The sketches of the more ordinary folk of the period are convincing, and he has endowed his characters with more life than is usually bestowed upon their creations by the

modern novelist. Lord Derwentwater's adventures in search of a throne for the Stuarts are excitingly told, and the many escapades of the ill-fated nobleman and his family are recounted with a skill that are quite above the average. This is all that can be said for the book. Mr. Pease writes of history with too much facility, and he can scarcely hope to give us a successful historical story at his present rate of production.

Prose Idyls of the West Riding. By LADY CATHERINE GASKELL. (Smith Elder, 6s.)

THIS book has disappointed us. It is evident that Lady Catherine Gaskell knows more than a little of Yorkshire characters and ways, and has, moreover, a proper sense of the value of a story; but beyond this we find ourselves unable to say much in praise of the present volume. "Prose Idyls" is, we suppose, a sufficiently vague title, but the book might more fitly be called "Novelettes of the West Riding." Pure, irresponsible sentiment is dominant in almost every one. Now a purely sentimental novel may be all very well, but when there are thirteen short stories, all written from a merely sentimental point of view, it is probable that the reader will get very tired. The worst of the sentimental writer is that he gives you the sentiment without the impulse, the tears without the sorrow. There are tears in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," but there is a world of mute sorrow revealed and hinted, of which the obvious sadness of the book is the merest shadow. The wise writer will restrain as far as possible the obviousness of the sentiments of love and grief, and seek to express them obliquely, or, better, will let the reader discover for himself, in the mere circumstances and atmosphere of the story, the impulsive emotion. We are sorry Lady Catherine Gaskell has not considered this, for, with her knowledge of the West Riding, her ability to write simply and clearly, and her apparent sense of the secret activities of life, love, sorrow, she might have made a book really worthy of the attractive title of this one.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your issue of last week I find under the above heading a letter containing delicate references to certain statements which have appeared in a book of mine. I am not concerned to defend those statements against the onslaught of a National Liberal who is modest enough to hide his identity behind a single initial. But in the interests of reason it may be as well for me to point out that Mr. Blackie's assertion to the effect that less alcoholic drink is consumed per head per member in the National Liberal Club than in any similar club may very well be correct. It is common knowledge that Nonconformity, teetotalism, and Liberalism walk hand-in-hand. Consequently, it seems probable that the membership of the National Liberal Club will include a more than average percentage of teetotalers. Assuming this much, the consumption of alcoholic drink per head per member may work out rather prettily. The challenge to Mr. Blackie to repeat his statement in face of the figures quoted in my book, however, is not my challenge any more than the figures are mine or the immediate conclusions drawn from those figures are mine. But just as I can see reason in Mr. Blackie's statement so do I see reason in the conclusions of the member of Parliament whose figures and conclusions are in question. If "M." is quite sure that the bulk of the income of the National Liberal Club is not derived from profit on the sale of alcoholic beverages, why does he not say so flatly and categorically and have done with it? Can "M." make it plain to us that if the club were to refrain from participation in the liquor-traffic it could keep open its doors for a single year without increasing the terms of subscription or the prices of the "bread, meat, and cayenne pepper" devoured by its members? If "M." can clear up this issue we shall all be highly pleased.

Now let us look for a moment at the wicked figures. At the end of a certain year the club's stock of wines, spirits, beers, and mineral waters was valued at £9,701. In order to accommodate "M." we will suppose that the National Liberal teetotalers are of such a thirsty disposition that it is necessary to keep £700 worth of mineral waters for their delectation. This generous

allowance for twopenny bottles of soda-water leaves us face to face with £9,000 worth of wines, spirits, and beers. Clearly, therefore, we may be sure of one of two things—that is to say, either the National Liberal Club keeps £9,000 worth of alcoholic liquors in its cellars for the mere pleasure of possessing them, or the National Liberal Club is in effect a wine, spirit, and beer merchant in a large way of business. Of course, it may be possible that the Club derives its income from the sale of violets, collar-studs, bread and meat, milk, cayenne pepper, and kindred commodities. "M." knows more about it than we do. But in the absence of figures to the contrary we shall go on believing that a concern which finds it necessary to maintain such vast reserves of sack is much more interested in the sack business than in the sale of bread and meat. The fact that a publican's customers lunch in his saloon-bar does not make the publican any less a publican. And any good *restaurateur* will tell you that it is on wines and spirits, and not on food, that he makes the bulk of his profit. Finally, I should like to mention that I have more than once described the National Liberal Club as a pot-house. Its character has not changed since the introduction of Mr. Asquith's beautiful Bill.

T. W. H. CROSLAND.

THE GENIUS OF DICKENS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It was with a thrill of satisfaction one read Mr. Machen's estimate, or appreciation, of Dickens in the present issue. Vindication is not the word, and is as little applicable to Dickens as to Shakespeare. Dickens needs no vindication, and is already emerging from the false estimate which obtained during the latter years of the nineteenth century and the early years of this. It became a fashion to condemn the melodramatic Dickens of "Little Nell" on the one hand, and the caricaturist on the other, till one grew sick of the parrot cry. I remember a controversy about him in the smoking-room of a seaside hotel, when a man of some note in literature, who was sound in every other article of literary faith, maintained with the rest of the parrots that Dickens always exaggerated. Naturally I resented a finicking following of mere fashion in such a man, and said in my haste that he never exaggerated. It is true that many of his characters are queer fellows, but then, I said, we are all queer fellows to everybody but ourselves, and Dickens only painted human nature with Hogarthian realism. We do not realise as fads the habits which are normal to ourselves, but which are peculiar and even laughable to others who have worse fads of their own. I had sometimes wondered if the habitual persistence in those peculiarities which distinguish Sam Weller, Sairey Gamp, Mr. Pumblechook, Dick Swiveller, Richard Carstone, Mr. Turveydrop, and the others was not a little exaggerated, until I discovered their exact duplicates in real life. Those others whom I have not yet duplicated Mr. Machen accounts for in the *petite bourgeoisie* of eighty years ago that Dickens knew. That Dickens was a symbolist, "who caught a glimpse of the enchanted land" with Rabelais and Cervantes, I can readily assent to, and I have always asserted that the nearest man to Shakespeare since Shakespeare, as a creator of living men and women, was Dickens. Possibly, coming centuries will rank him as the prose Shakespeare of the nineteenth.

EASTWOOD KIDSON.

April 15, 1908.

THE CHELSEA PAGEANT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Those who saw in last year's pageants the martyrdom of St. Edmund and the royal pilgrims re-visiting his shrine, the ghosts of Verulamium haunting its scanty ruins, the charge of mailed cavaliers over the meadows of St. Albans, and the tottering sovereignty of Charles I. after his arrival with minstrels in his State barge at the Christ Church fields, may wonder what Chelsea can offer to compare with these effects. For at Oxford, St. Albans, and Bury St. Edmunds alike there were broad landscapes over which Kings and Queens, knights and ladies could be seen approaching from the distance, masses of far-away foliage wherein banners and armour could shimmer and disappear in some arena's time-worn, historic stones, and at Oxford a pretty stream. So also there was at Romsey, which one ought not to forget, for its Pageant was charmingly designed, though spoilt by rain. But Chelsea has none of these advantages. The impossibility of obtaining an extensive and romantic amphitheatre is, in fact, one of the greatest of the difficulties that beset the promoters of spectacular folk-plays in the capital. The committee of the London Pageant hopes to solve the problem next year through an Act of Parliament permitting the use of one of the parks; but, short of this, it is not easy to see where space is to be found for the 20,000 performers. Chelsea is not so ambitious, but, having

decided on a Pageant, is determined to make it a brilliant success, even though the grounds of the Royal Hospital—the most favourable site available—are limited in area, and are entirely enclosed by trees and shrubberies, which, happily, screen the surrounding buildings. After all, art thrives on its limitations, and by skilfully adapting the means to the end Chelsea will be able to hold a celebration that promises to be no less fascinating and adequate than the others, though different in character. Of course there cannot be so many performers—some 1,200 or 1,300 will probably be near the limit—but Mr. H. J. Irvine, who has undertaken the production, intends to make up for the magnificence of display which is unattainable by an intimate charm of presentation peculiarly favoured by the conditions. The folk-play will be more emphasised than in the larger amphitheatres, where variations of voice are lost, and simple declamation has to be relied on. Near the centre of the lawn is a group of trees which will force the speakers to the front, so that they will easily be heard throughout the stand. Hence a new possibility is opened up, and Mr. Irvine avails himself of it by introducing delicate touches of character-drawing and sympathetic incidents that hitherto have been outside the scope of pageantry. The new experiment is justified, even rendered imperatively necessary, by the circumstances, and fortunately there is appropriate material for comedy and pathos ready to hand in the history of Sir Thomas More, the most impressive and memorable of Chelsea's historical figures. The character of More is one that might well stir the ambition of the best of our actors, for it combined qualities that in their full manifestation are rarely found together. Wit, gaiety, and piety may occasionally be combined, but when we join them with the wisdom and scholarship, the courage and statesmanship of More, and further add the imagination that created his "Utopia," and the kindness of his domestic life, the resulting individuality becomes altogether exceptional. The greatness and downfall of More, his familiar intercourse with Henry VIII., whose friendship he did not enjoy without misgiving, the intimate home scenes in which Margaret Roper and Holbein have a part, and finally the Chancellor's farewell and departure to the Tower, form a little drama, delicately handled by Mr. Laurence Binyon, with an interest all its own, to diversify the more gorgeous scenes that come properly under the head of pageantry. One of these, the magnificent funeral procession of Anne of Cleves, is the more interesting because all the details are carefully reproduced from a precise contemporary description. So far as is humanly possible, therefore, this solemn display will be an exact repetition of what actually occurred.

There will be further opportunities for tender touches in presenting Princess Elizabeth and Lady Jane Grey. In reference to one incident in the early years of Elizabeth—the unexplained attempt of Admiral Seymour to win her favour—a certain amount of dramatic latitude will be permitted, for the affair remains a puzzle to historians, who are unable to agree about it, and, therefore, offers scope for imaginative treatment. But where history is clear it is Mr. Irvine's principle to adhere to it closely. He cannot ensure absolute accuracy in the representation of the crossing of the Thames by the Roman legions, for this is only recorded as a bald fact, but no pains have been spared by Mr. Heslewood, who is designing the costumes, to show the Roman soldiers, Druids, and uncouth Britons in their habit as they lived, and a great deal of archaeological investigation has been given to this, the opening scene, as well as to the Synod of Offa and the ceremony of anointing the heir to the kingdom in the Second Episode. "May Day in Chelsea Fields," which were formerly a holiday ground for the people of London, will form a diversified spectacle, with old dances and games, and will be of special interest for the display of unfamiliar costume. The period—that of Henry VII.—has not been illustrated in pageantry nor on the stage, and is marked by extravagance in the headgear and robes of the men in contrast with much simplicity in the women's attire. This is surely the most surprising of the many strange freaks of fashion which pageantry has revealed. Any one who is curious about such matters—and one cannot deny their fascination—should find an opportunity to visit the Pageant Room at the Chelsea Town Hall, where there is gathered a variegated show of garments such as has never been seen in London, and all are as historically accurate as patient research can make them. They are increasing at a great rate, for working parties of Chelsea ladies are industriously turning them out, and fresh volunteers for the task are not lacking. In fact, the pageant fever in Chelsea is approaching an acute stage, and the general zeal that is being directed to the furtherance of the enterprise merits the reward of success. There was a good deal of competition for the different parts, and these have now been allotted, one of the most interesting being that of Nell Gwynne, undertaken by Miss Kate Rorke. Nell is closely associated with Chelsea's history, for the story goes that she persuaded Charles II. to found the Royal Hospital for Veteran Soldiers and Sailors—a kindly act that, in the view of Chelsea folk, and probably also of

others, compensates in no small measure for lapses in other directions. She will be one of the heroines of the Pageant, and the Hospital that owes its existence to her will be a chief beneficiary from the proceeds of the performance. Earl Cadogan, Archdeacon Bevan, and Sir George White (the Governor of the Hospital) and Lady White are among those taking a leading part in the preparations, and it was through their influence that the grounds of the institution were rendered available. The site is appropriate, since it is that of the old Ranelagh Gardens, and one of the scenes will revive this favourite place of entertainment, introducing some notable eighteenth-century figures who must have trodden the very ground. The influence of the ground on which history is revived is felt rather than consciously recognised, but it never fails to convey a pervading sentiment to those spectators of pageantry who, as at Chelsea, can associate the figures of the past with the places in which they reappear. Addison, Swift, Steele, Horace Walpole, Tobias Smollett, and Dr. Johnson himself will revisit the scene to assist in the celebration of Chelsea's story. This is so closely woven with that of the City that the festival has far more than a local interest, and, in addition to Londoners, it will certainly attract Anglo-Saxons from distant places who wish to renew the ties that bind them to the home of their race. With all the harmonious colour-effects arranged by Mr. Heslewood, the music of Mr. Bucalossi, and the many ancient dances that will enliven the folk-tale, it should form a delightful and instructive diversion for the summer afternoons from June 25th to July 1st.

A. G.

IRONY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Every day the necessity for the adoption by our literary men of a *point d'ironie* becomes more apparent. The regular ACADEMY reader, of course, seeing the review of "Adam Cast Forth" remembered Mr. Ross's recent delightful article upon the fair Georgiana's poems, and smiled.

Mr. Ross needs no *point d'ironie*—his style is sufficient. But the joke at the back of your review of Mr. Doughty's book, if I may say so, is not quite *dürchsichtig*; and I maintain that a casual reader, knowing the reputation of THE ACADEMY for seriousness, may easily have been seduced into parting with 4s. 6d. for this volume, which, as a joke, is both too long and tedious. It is comprehensible, of course, that one of our ha'penny daily papers should compare Mr. Doughty with Milton, to the latter's disadvantage, in all seriousness; this is ha'penny reviewing, of which no one, I suppose, takes much heed; one can even believe that the *Times* might fall into a similar style, though the reviewer there very pertinently asks, "Why does Mr. Doughty leave out so many words and put the rest in such a strange order?" (The answer to this conundrum is that Mr. Doughty is a realist, and that as at the time of the Fall neither English, German, nor Esperanto was spoken, Adam and Adama speak a language that is neither English, German, nor Esperanto.)

One knows that THE ACADEMY is no more deceived by this fustian stuff than is Mr. William Watson, who protests strongly in the current *Fortnightly*; and so, Sir, in the interests of the casual reader, may I beg you to adopt some sign at the foot of your facetious articles, in order that, when he comes across a ha'penny review of the same book, couched in similar terms, he may smile and say, in the "master's" language:

"Thou not canst O Reviewer pull all my leg!"

AUSTRALIS.

April 20, 1908.

THE STIBBERT ART COLLECTION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I tremble after reading the letter of "Experience" in to-day's ACADEMY, lest my late warning, instead of being too cadaverous in hue, may not prove too roseate for the real issue of the Stibbert Art Bequest now pending.

"Experience" writes:

That it will astonish those who know the little ways of the Italian Government if any of the £32,000 is ever paid out at all, and the expenses of management will most likely be taken out of admission-fees!

But (as he goes on to say) the British Government know perfectly well that, if they took over the Collection, the only practical purpose it would serve would be to act as a milch cow to the Italian authorities.

He adds: "As a rule, foreign residents in Italy do not know of these things," etc.; all the same they gradually lose belief in the traditional idle tales of friendship current at home.

Thus "Experience" lays his gloomy anticipations before our

eyes, counting me inclusively as an "average (?) Englishman," unacquainted with the practices of the Italian Government in such matters. Assuredly he has made an unfortunate selection!

Without trespassing on your space just now, and unwilling to drag any red herring across the downward grade of a legacy involving such a vast amount of money and artistic treasure, I will whisper in the ear of "Experience" that I trust few Englishmen have suffered more than I have at the hands of both the recalcitrant Governments, who now, again, have been playing fast and loose for two full years with interests they are unfitted to control. My bitter experience of them has lasted thirty-six years, and is likely to continue and leave its baleful traces long after me.

I will conclude by drawing your readers' notice to the *Florence Herald* of the 9th and 15th inst., referring to my letter in THE ACADEMY of the 4th, and expressing satisfaction at "the grievances of the English residents in Florence" having found an advocate in England.

WILLIAM MERCER.

8, Stevenage Road, Bishop's Park, Fulham, S.W.,
April 18, 1908.

OMAR KHAYAM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—A few weeks ago I read in THE ACADEMY of February 8th, under the heading "Life and Letters," some very telling remarks on that "spinner of platitudes" Omar Khayam, and soon after received the "*Gulzâr i ma'rifat*" in Persian and its translation in French—"La Roseaie du Savoir." This "Rosegarden of Knowledge" is an anthology of 470 mystical quatrains by Persian poets, selected, translated, and annotated by a Persian gentleman, who is M.D. of Paris and has settled in France with the assumed name of "Husain Azâd"—i.e., Husain the Free—after practising for many years in his native country. In the Introduction to the translation "Husain Azâd" informs his readers that the idea of compiling the anthology originated some years ago, after an interview at Isfahan with a British officer of the Indian Army. This officer spoke of Khayam with enthusiasm, and told how greatly that poet was admired in England:

I very much appreciated his remarks, and, feeling like the man from Tabriz before whom some one praised the apples of his native town while it produces all kinds of excellent fruits, said that Khayam was no doubt a poet of great value, but Persia had given birth to many other great poets, some equalling, and some even excelling, Khayam. An expression of doubt appeared on the face of the officer; but when I added, just as an example, that many educated Persians preferred the quatrains of Abu Saïd to those of Khayam, the expression of doubt gave way to one of intense surprise. The arrival of a visitor put an end to our conversation, but the few words which had been spoken left an impression on my mind

and the anthology was taken in hand.

In a footnote he adds that:

Dût cet aveu m'attirer la réprobation unanime des membres du Khéyyâm-Club de Londres, je donnerais volontiers, et je gagnerais au marché, pour cinquante quatrains d'Abou-Saïd tout le bagage poétique de l'algebriste de Nichâpour!

My experience of Khayam during forty years' residence in Persia has been that I have heard him quoted only once, and that was after FitzGerald's version, and by the officer mentioned by "Husain Azâd." In a prospectus accompanying the book an extract from a letter by the veteran Orientalist Barbier de Meynard appears with the following:

Je vous sais gré aussi de la franchise de votre appréciation sur Oumer Khayam dont la vogue irréflectie est due au snobisme anglican.

The work, two dainty little volumes, was published in 1906 by E. Guilmo, Paris; nearly every quatrain is accompanied by a verse or passage from a French or English writer, which the translator considered parallel or similar in idea or expression.

A. HOUTUM-SCHINDLER.

Teheran, March 30, 1908.

THE FRENCH PEASANT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—If not too late for the fair, I forgot a most important fact in favour of my argument. In the first volume of "*La Vie Litteraire*," to which I referred, Anatole France makes merry over the fact that, like the sons of Noah, Zola's offspring, certain

Naturalist novelists, when "La Terre" appeared, published a signed protest against the growing "exacerbation de la note ordurière" in his work. The fact is—and I thank your liberality in not excising my allusion to astrology—that Zola, like Swift, was afflicted by a strong coprologic mania, or delight in filth for its own sake, and for the same reasons (which every educated man will appreciate when astrology is again recognised as a true science, as it was by the greatest recorded intellects until quite recent times). On the day of Swift's birth the moon, or sensitive perception, was in conjunction with Mars, the sensual planet, in his fall in Libra; and Mercury, the mental ruler, in Capricorn, was in square to both—i.e., both the mental rulers heavily afflicted. At Zola's birth the moon, Mercury, and Mars were all in conjunction in Libra and in square to Saturn in Capricorn. Those interested in the subject of character as influenced by planetary positions at birth will find some very interesting examples of great men, sane and insane, given in a very interesting essay, "The Soul and the Stars," contributed, under the nom de plume "A. G. Trent," by the late Dr. Garnett to the *University Magazine* for March, 1880, which has been several times reprinted.

Swedenborg—whose bones, after more than a hundred years' rest, have recently been removed from London—said that the angels see us only as we stand in the light of heaven, according to our goodness. Zola and some modern French novelists have reversed the above, and seem to see human nature only in its infernal aspects, *avec un accent particulier de mépris et de haine*, to quote a very just criticism by Zola of Degas' point of view. In Burne-Jones's *Life*, Vol. II, p. 164, I find the following suggestive passage:

I have been reading "Rob Roy" and it is perfect, perfect, PERFECT. And I read two or three French tales, but they destroyed me, body and soul. How masterly they are no words are good enough to tell, but I hated them.

Zola dismissed Scott's novels with contempt as "literature for schools," but listen to Walt Whitman, the last word of democratic sentiment, as quoted in the *Century Magazine*, November, 1905:

How much I am indebted to Scott no one can tell, I couldn't tell it myself, but it has permeated me through and through. If you could reduce the "leaves" to their elements, you would see Scott unmistakably active at the roots . . . then there's "The Heart of Midlothian," which I have read a dozen times and more.

Lowell, just before his death, was found by a friend reading "Rob Roy" for perhaps the twentieth time, with huge delight, but who could read Madame Bovary often? I am sure that I could not; and the same applies to De Maupassant's little masterpieces of pessimism; but this latter, being a great artist and a powerful observer of life, as Tolstoi has pointed out in his fine study, was struggling towards a perception of the moral law, when insanity, the Nemesis of inordinate sensuality (a lack of love again!), cut short his untimely thread.

H. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED

EDUCATIONAL

Souvestre, Emile. *Confessions d'un Ouvrier*. With Biography, Footnotes, and Exercises. By W. G. Hartog. Murray, 1s. 6d.
Plant Study in School, Field, and Garden. By Joseph S. Bridges and Arthur J. Dicks. Ralph Holland, 3s. 6d. net.

ART

Tabor, Margaret E. *The Saints in Art*. Methuen, 3s. 6d. net.

THEOLOGY

Grubb, Edward. *Authority and the Light Within*. Clarke, 2s. net.
 Jeffs, H. *The Good New Times*. Clarke, 2s. 6d.
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